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**HOMEMADE
BREAKFAST
SAUSAGE**

PAGE 88

**The World's
Best Coffees**

**EASY EGGS
BENEDICT**

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THE BREAKFAST ISSUE

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SAVEUR

Special Issue

A WORLD OF BREAKFAST

From coffee and toast to caviar and mimosas, it's breakfast time on planet Earth, and a universe of food and drink awaits. Our celebration of morning meals around the globe starts on page 36. And for the ultimate collection of breakfast recipes, see page 82.



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PHOTOGRAPH BY PENNY DE LOS SANTOS

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FIRST

Breakfast Club

It's time to roll out of bed and come to the table

THE TIONG BAHRU hawker center in Singapore might well be my favorite place in the world to start the day. I remember vividly my first visit: I arrived jet-lagged and hungry at seven in the morning to find vendors stir-frying greens in gigantic woks, sending up whooshes of smoke fragrant with garlic. Long queues of businessmen and construction workers and families who likely lived in the nearby housing projects snaked from the cash register of each stall. I ate chwee kway, steamed rice-flour cakes topped with salted radish and sautéed shallots, and then I made my way over to a noodle stall, where I devoured my second course, a comforting heap of rice vermicelli doused with chile sauce. That's when I had an epiphany: there I was, halfway around the world, eating food I wouldn't think of consuming at this hour otherwise, and yet I felt completely at home. I'd been shaken from my usual morning habits, and that's no small feat.

When it comes to breakfast, I confess to having long been a sort of serial savorer, eating, say, peanut butter and honey on whole wheat toast every morning for months at a stretch before embarking on a lengthy affair with a bowl of banana-topped cornflakes. I am, I'll wager, not alone: many of us are deeply committed to our breakfast rituals. We may be adventurers when it comes to lunch and dinner, but right after we roll out of bed we want our coffee and toast just so. And why not? Breakfast is

the most intimate meal of the day, occupying those moments between sleep and our reentry into the world. In that regard, breakfast is a wonderfully pure expression of our inner cravings. Perhaps that's one reason why the morning foods of the world reflect such an incredible diversity.

That diversity is precisely what we at SAVEUR set out to celebrate in this landmark special issue. If the remarkable ingredients, dishes, cooks, diners, market stalls, and restaurants depicted in "A World of Breakfast" (page 36) prove anything, it's that the morning meal presents us with the perfect opportunity to break from our own routines so that we can understand those of others. I'm living proof that even a breakfast dogmatist can experience any number of re-awakenings. At home or abroad, I now embrace new breakfast rituals. In Moscow, I've feasted on caviar and blini at the Kempinski Hotel, near the

Kremlin. I've joined South Indian friends as they ate their predawn meal of wheat porridge and fruit during the Ramadan fast. And I've happily downed traditional Scottish fry-ups of eggs, toast, bacon, and black pudding in the Highlands. Still, despite all this amazing range, one universal truth has always stood out for me: no matter where we are or what we eat, the welcoming spirit of breakfast remains the same. —JAMES OSELAND, Editor-in-Chief



Tucking into a breakfast of chwee kway at the Tiong Bahru hawker center in Singapore.

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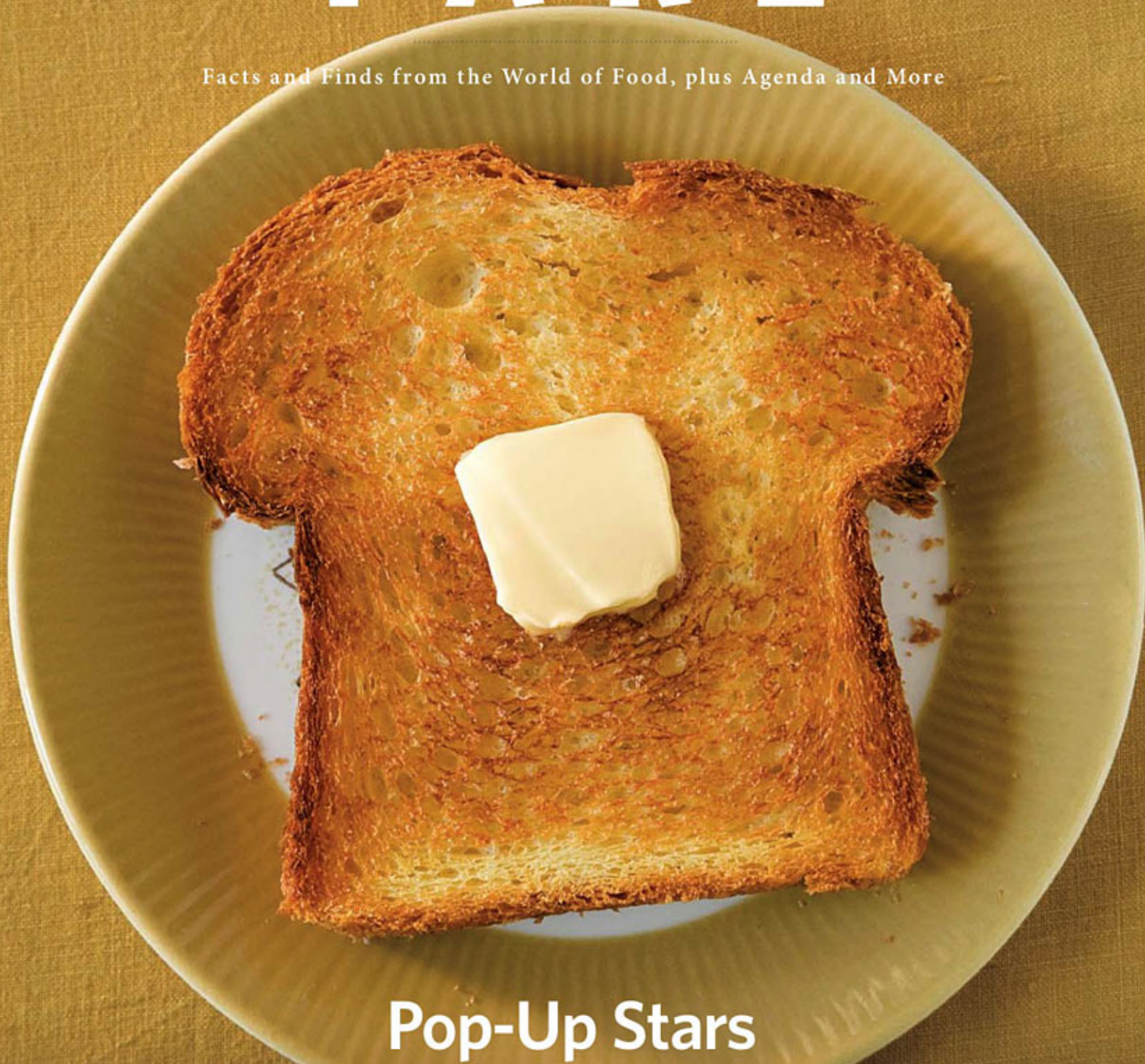
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FARE

Facts and Finds from the World of Food, plus Agenda and More



Pop-Up Stars

THEY SAY MAN cannot live by bread alone, but they've never said anything about toast. Enjoyed by all but truly respected by too few, toast makes life more pleasant on a near-daily basis, yet its elemental simplicity has given it an unjustly low profile. Try to imagine, if you dare, a world without toast: a colder, drearier place, to be sure.

Toast is even more satisfying when facilitated by a classic toaster. And it doesn't get much more satisfying than my 1962 Sunbeam Vista, which has an interesting design: instead of pulling down a knob, you simply drop a slice of bread into the right-hand slot, which triggers an internal mechanism that automatically lowers the bread into the appliance, a

seemingly magical process that never fails to delight. Inherited from my grandmother Fannie Lewkowitz in 1984 (which means I've now owned it longer than she did), it still does the job for me every morning.

Michael Sheafe, a New York appliance dealer who specializes in vintage toasters, isn't surprised by my Vista's longevity. "That's one

FARE

AGENDA: GLOBAL BREAKFAST



JANUARY

1-3

O-SHOGATSU (NEW YEAR)

Japan

In Japan, the year's first breakfast centers on *ozōni*, a soup of pounded rice cakes simmered in *dashi*. Additionally, elaborate *o-sechi ryōri*—meals, served in compartmentalized boxes (pictured, left), consisting of herring roe, black soybeans, and other auspicious foods—are premade to allow even diehard cooks to relax and enjoy the New Year's festivities. Information: www.jnto.go.jp/w.

JANUARY

1969

Anniversary:

BLACK PANTHER BREAKFASTS FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN

In 1969, the Black Panther Party (co-founder Bobby Seale is pictured below) launched its most famous social-service program: a before-school breakfast for children, at St. Augustine's Church in Oakland, California. Within a year, the Panthers were feeding 10,000 children around the country every day, far surpassing federal antihunger efforts.



FEBRUARY

1964

Anniversary:

FIRST TOASTER PASTRY INTRODUCED NATIONWIDE

Designed to be heated in an electric toaster, Post Country Squares, created by General Foods, was the first of its kind. These jelly-filled Pop Tart precursors were never a hit, however; even after giving them a snappier name—Toast'em Pop Ups—the company ceased production of the handheld breakfast in 1972.

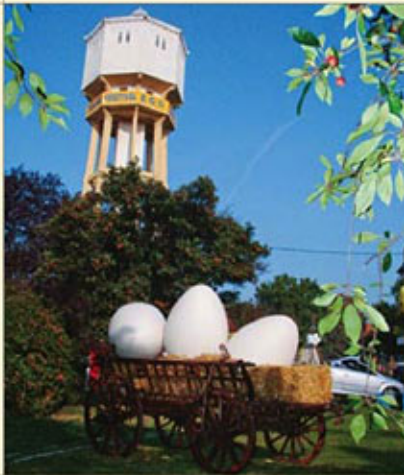
APRIL

11-12

ŚWIECONKA

Poland and the United States

Polish families in both the Old World and the New spend the Saturday before Easter taking baskets filled with symbolic foods to church for the *święconka*, or blessing of the baskets. After Easter mass the following morning, holiday standbys such as hard-boiled eggs and *babka* and butter sculptures in the shape of lambs are unpacked and laid out for Easter breakfast.



MAY

25

EL DÍA NACIONAL DEL GALLO PINTO

San José, Costa Rica

In an annual display of appetite and national pride, revelers converge on paseo Colón in San José to celebrate (and eat) Costa Rica's ubiquitous breakfast dish, *gallo pinto*: rice and black beans flavored with sweet peppers and cilantro. Chefs prepare 35,000 servings using 1,500 kilograms each of rice and beans. Information: www.visitcostarica.com.

JULY

16-18

BAGELFEST

Mattoon, Illinois

Many think of Montreal and New York as North America's bagel capitals, but every July the town of Mattoon, Illinois, home of the Lender's Bagels factory, lays its own claim to the widely esteemed breakfast bread with a week-end of music, pageants, parades, and, of course, bagels with plenty of butter, jam, and cream cheese. Information: 800/500-6286.



OCTOBER

10-12

TOJÁSFESTIVAL (INTERNATIONAL EGG FESTIVAL)

Siófok, Hungary

Each fall, the town of Siófok celebrates the egg with three days of music, dancing, and egg-themed artwork (above, right). On the last day, there is a great cracking of eggs—7,500 chicken eggs and 1,000 quail eggs, to be precise—for the making of a giant *tojáspörkölt*, an omelette filled with bacon, ham, and onion. Information: 212/695-1221.

NOVEMBER

1933

Anniversary:

ESPRESSO COMES HOME

With the introduction of the Bialetti company's Moka Express stovetop espresso maker, Italian coffee moved from the café into the home. Alfonso Bialetti's iconic art deco design, inspired by an old-fashioned washing machine, remains virtually unchanged today, and the line of aluminum pots it spawned is still going strong: 90 percent of Italian households own at least one of them.

of the best toasters America ever made," he recently told me. "They still work after 50 years, sometimes more." The first electric toaster was introduced in England as early as 1893; American models started appearing in the early 1900s. Alas, says Sheafe, standards started slipping in the late 1960s. "Instead of a nut and bolt, they could get away with a crimp or a spot weld. That makes things cheaper and less durable." So, if you're nostalgic for a 1970s or '80s model, you're probably out of luck.

Sheafe and I are hardly alone in our love for old toasters. In the late 1980s, a Seattle businessman named Eric Norcross opened a "toast café" that sold bread and toppings and featured a vintage toaster on each table so that customers could make their own toast. The café closed in 1990, but Norcross's passion for toasters lives on. He and his wife have collected more than 500 toasters (including the 1912 Pelouze Vertical Toaster, below) and now run the Toaster Museum Foundation out of their home, which they hope will turn into a permanent museum for America's most underrated apparatus.

It's interesting that Norcross and Sheafe both name multigrain bread their favorite for toasting. But why limit yourself to just one type? White bread, wheat bread, raisin bread, pumpernickel—as far as I'm concerned, it's all just raw toast. —Paul Lukas



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Make Mine a Doubles

Breakfast is a national pastime in Trinidad, right up there with cricket and "liming", or hanging out. When I traveled to the island—the larger of the two that make up the Caribbean nation of Trinidad and Tobago—I found that one food drives Trinidadians' morning appetite more than any other: doubles, a handheld snack composed of two disks of puffed flatbread filled with curried chickpeas and sweet, tangy sauces. It's a specialty of roadside stands all over the island.

The complex cuisine of this former British colony bears traces of five centuries' worth of conquerors, pirates, planters, slaves, and laborers. Doubles, which resemble channa bhatura, a Punjabi chickpea-and-flatbread snack popular throughout India, are a legacy of the East Indian indentured workers who came to harvest sugarcane in the mid-19th century. The name, always stated in the plural, refers to the two pieces of flatbread used.

Back in Brooklyn, New York, where I live, my doubles fixation hasn't abated, thanks to A&A Bake and Doubles, a storefront in the Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood. (Bakes are either plain—sada in Hindi—or fried breads filled with items like shark and cod.) Owner Noel Brown, along with his wife, Geeta (pictured, left), fry their flatbreads in a cauldron of hot oil and slow-cook the chickpeas to make a velvety gravy, to which they add

 A recipe for doubles at SAVEUR.COM/ISSUE114

shado beni, a leafy herb that tastes like cilantro on steroids. The doubles come with chile sauce and mango chutney or, my favorite, tangy tamarind chutney brightened with shredded granny smith apples. Either way, they're so good that a line of Trinidadian customers frequently extends down the block, proving that homesickness is often felt the most keenly in the stomach. —Beth Kracklauer

FARE

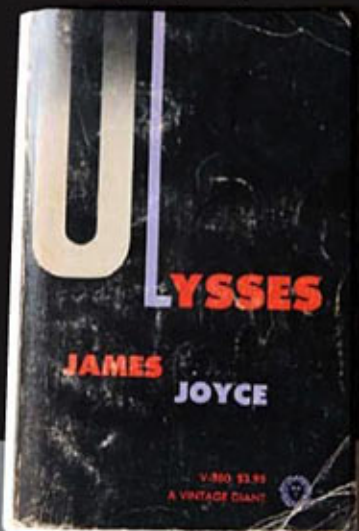
BREAKFAST IN THE ARTS & LETTERS

Compiled by Amy McDaniels

Great Books

"Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls.... Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about...softly, righting her breakfast things."

—James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922)



"Queequeg sat there among them...as cool as an icicle.... His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast...he eschewed coffee and hot rolls, and applied his undivided attention to beefsteaks, done rare."

—Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (1851)



Cinema

In the 1976 film *Taxi Driver*, director Martin Scorsese uses breakfast, and the ways his characters eat it, as a metaphor for both innocence and sin. In one scene, Robert De Niro's character, Travis Bickle, descending into madness, methodically pours apricot brandy into his cereal bowl; later, Jodie Foster, playing a teenage prostitute, sits with him at a coffee shop and assembles a childish breakfast of toast and jam, with sugar poured on top.

Song

"Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I knew There was milk and toast and honey and a bowl of oranges, too And the sun poured in like butterscotch and stuck to all my senses."

—Joni Mitchell, "Chelsea Morning" (1969)



Fine Art

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec chose a solitary breakfast as the context in which to portray his mother in *La Comtesse Adèle de Toulouse-Lautrec* (ca. 1883), painted when he was just a teenager.



Popular Literature

"'When you wake up in the morning, Pooh,' said Piglet at last, 'what's the first thing you say to yourself?'"

"'What's for breakfast?' said Pooh. 'What do you say, Piglet?'"

"'I say, I wonder what's going to happen exciting today?' said Piglet."

"Pooh nodded thoughtfully. 'It's the same thing,' he said."

—A. A. Milne, *Winnie-the-Pooh* (1926)

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FARE

A Sandwich for the Ages

AS A RULE, I don't partake of fast food, but I allow myself one exception: the McDonald's Egg McMuffin. In defense of my habit, I often point out that this sandwich is comparatively wholesome, containing lean Canadian bacon, a fresh egg, and melted (okay, processed) cheese on a toasted English muffin. Part of my attachment to the food is sentimental. When I was a kid, it was the only breakfast I ate outside the home—on road trips, early mornings out on the boat with my dad, and other fun breaks from routine. With some ketchup and a dab of jelly (a sweet-tangy tweak), it's a darned good breakfast.

I was reminded of my affection for the Egg McMuffin recently when I came across a newspaper obituary

for Herb Peterson, the product's inventor, who died last March at the age of 89. A former adman for McDonald's, Peterson developed a friendship with Ray Kroc, the man who purchased the fledgling burger chain in 1961 and turned it into a fast-food phenomenon. After a successful corporate career in Chicago, Peterson relocated to Santa Barbara, California, where he opened his own McDonald's franchise. According to *McDonald's: Behind the Arches* (Bantam Books, 1986), a corporate history by the journalist John F. Love, Peterson departed from the burgers-and-shakes script and started opening early to serve

breakfast. His signature offering was a fast-food take on eggs benedict, the brunch classic consisting of poached eggs, hollandaise sauce, and Canadian bacon on open-face English muffins.



Since poaching the eggs was out of the question in a fast-food kitchen, he cooked them with a tool that a local blacksmith had custom-made for him: a grill-top Teflon mold that fashioned eggs into perfect rounds. For efficiency's sake, he swapped in cheese for the hollandaise.

When Kroc tasted the sandwich in 1971, Peterson was prepared to pitch it in cost-profit terms.

"But it wasn't economics that sold Kroc," writes Love in his book. "He had just finished lunch... but he devoured two of the new egg-bacon-muffin sandwiches anyway." Four years later, the Egg McMuffin became McDonald's first nationwide breakfast item, and by 1985, the meal was accounting for 15 percent of the company's sales. Sure, I've had my quibbles: for one thing, it's too bad that McDonald's stopped using Bay's English muffins (they weren't uniformly shaped enough). Yet, like millions of hungry breakfasters, I keep coming back for more. —Dana Bowen

THE PANTRY, page 106: More information about vintage toasters and doubles shops.

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THE QUEST FOR EXCELLENCE



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9

LIST

9 Great Coffees

These diverse and delicious international brews are worth getting out of bed for

THE COFFEE UNIVERSE has expanded exponentially in recent years, thanks to specialty roasters in the vanguard of the industry who carefully source and oversee the processing of coffees in far-flung locales. These companies generally put an emphasis on fine arabica beans (of which there are several distinctive varieties), fair-trade practices,

and freshness. The sheer number of choices may seem bewildering, but it has also made it easier than ever to find an excellent morning cup. We sampled more than a hundred brews from around the globe; the following represent the best of the range of flavors, aromas, and body that's out there. (See *THE PANTRY*, page 106, for sources.) —*Katherine Cancila*

1 | COUNTER CULTURE COFFEE, KARABA (*Durham, North Carolina*; \$11.75 for 12 ounces) Though Rwanda's coffee industry was nearly destroyed during that country's civil war in the 1990s, its growers are now garnering praise for excellent coffees whose complex flavors reflect the region's unique terroir. An aroma of molasses and notes of nutmeg and cinnamon characterize this bean, an heirloom variety that was introduced to Rwanda by French missionaries and has been cultivated in the country's southwest for nearly a century.

2 | GIMME! COFFEE, SUMATRA ISKANDAR (*Ithaca, New York*; \$14.25 for 1 pound) This upstate New York company sources beans from the Iskandar region of Sumatra, on the western end of the Indonesian archipelago, where the volcanic soil and tropical climate combine to produce ideal growing conditions and coffee with a spicy aroma and a robust, cedary taste. Gimme! uses convection ovens to roast beans in small, 40-pound batches—a technique that yields deeply flavorful results.

3 | SANT'EUSTACHIO, ITALIAN ROAST (*Rome, Italy*; \$20 for 8.45 ounces) Rome's 70-year-old Caffè Sant'Eustachio, which sits just a stone's throw from the Pantheon,

is loved by Romans and tourists alike. Its Italian Roast—a custom blend of beans from Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Mexico, Brazil, and Tanzania—has an alluring gingerbread and vanilla scent and is roasted by owner Roberto Ricci, who uses a 60-year-old wood-fired roasting machine.

4 | STUMPTOWN COFFEE ROASTERS, GUATEMALA FINCA ELINJERTO (*Portland, Oregon*; \$15.50 for 1 pound) With a faint taste of rose petals and a toasted-almond finish, this delicate, medium-roast coffee shines when drunk without milk or sugar. Arturo Aguirre has grown and processed the bourbon varietal beans on his farm, El Injerto, in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, since 1956 and, along with his son, Arturo Jr., is known for a meticulous attention to detail that has twice helped the family win the prestigious Cup of Excellence coffee award.

5 | INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE AND TEA, HACIENDA LA ESMERALDA (*Chicago, Illinois*; \$30.00 for 8 ounces) In 2004, this estate rose to fame after one of its coffees—a rare heirloom varietal of arabica, called geisha—won the Best of Panama coffee competition, causing buyers to swoon (and prices to soar). With a heady nose of chocolate and ber-

ries and a bright flavor reminiscent of oolong tea's, Esmeralda has a profile that doesn't match the mild one typical of Central American coffees. Indeed, the geisha plant is believed to have originated in Ethiopia and been transplanted later to Costa Rica and Panama, where it grows today.

6 | GREEN MOUNTAIN/NEWMAN'S OWN ORGANICS, NELL'S BREAKFAST BLEND (*Waterbury, Vermont*; \$7.49 for 10 ounces) Green Mountain Coffee Roasters is known for selling quality beans for the mass market, but that doesn't diminish the appeal of its Nell's Breakfast Blend (produced in partnership with Newman's Own Organics). With a boldness taken from Peruvian beans and a depth from Indonesian ones, this excellent standby held its own handily against the pricier competitors we tested.

7 | 49TH PARALLEL COFFEE ROASTERS, ORGANIC ETHIOPIA YERGACHEFFE KONGA COOPERATIVE (*Burnaby, Canada*; \$14.10 for 12 ounces) Ethiopia, the birthplace of coffee, still produces some of the most complexly flavored beans in the world. The valley of Yergacheffe is renowned for beans with a distinctive, lemony taste; this particular variety adds notes of cherry and anise to the mix. Though 49th

Parallel is only three years old, the Canadian company has already earned praise for its focus on flavor and diversity in the sourcing of African beans.

8 | METROPOLIS COFFEE COMPANY, SAN RAFAEL LOT 1 (*Chicago, Illinois*; \$18.25 for 1 pound) An inviting, woody aroma, notes of honey and blackberry, and a well-structured body distinguish this coffee grown in the foothills of the Colombian Andes, where the high elevation and humid climate yield coffee that is mild yet satisfying. A handful of other notable single-origin coffees are also available from Metropolis, an award-winning five-year-old Chicago-based company.

W A glossary of coffee terminology plus more of our favorite roasts at SAVEUR.COM/ISSUE114

9 | PEET'S COFFEE & TEA, MAJOR DICKASON'S BLEND (*Berkeley, California*; \$12.95 for 1 pound) Established in 1966, Peet's was among the first American companies to source and roast beans to order. (In fact, when Starbucks started up, Peet's supplied it with coffee and trained its staff.) This blend of Central American and Indo-Pacific beans, the company's signature product, possesses a mellow nose and an intense but round, nutty taste. —*Katherine Cancila*

SOURCE



Height of Flavor

These maple syrups from Quebec tower above the rest

BY BETH KRACKLAUER

AN ESTIMATED 90 PERCENT OF Americans have never tasted real maple syrup; most breakfast syrup consumed in this country is of the high-fructose corn variety dressed up with caramel color to make it look like the real stuff. How baffling that must be to our neighbors in Quebec, where maple syrup is sacrosanct. They not only douse pancakes with it; they poach eggs in it, glaze pork with it, and use it in classic dishes like pouding chômeur, a rustic pudding cake, confident that their *sirap d'érable* is the best in the world. They may well be right: some Quebec-made syrups I tried recently, particularly those from a company called Möpure, were so distinctive and nuanced that they made me reconsider what I thought I knew about maple flavor.

The taste of maple syrup has long been understood to be a matter of timing. Sugaring, the process of tapping sugar maples and boiling their sap to make syrup, runs for six weeks in Quebec, beginning in March. As the season progresses, the syrup gets darker and more intensely flavored, in large part because of microorganisms that develop in the sap as the weather grows warmer. Different grades—called No. 1 (the lightest), No.

2, and No. 3 (the darkest) in Canada—correspond to different points in the season; the No. 1 grade, the kind typically available to consumers, is further divided into Extra Light, Light, and Medium.

In any sugar maple tree, sap flow is governed by a cycle of warm days, which cause the sap to move toward the base of the tree, where the tap is inserted, and freezing-cold nights, which help the tree draw moisture up from the soil. Möpure's trees grow in the mountains, where spring comes on slowly, extending that freeze-thaw cycle and allowing for a greater flow of minerals and other nutrients through the tree. Scientists are only beginning to work out how such characteristics of soil and climate ultimately express themselves in a maple syrup. But I can happily confirm that the delicious syrups that the company makes—the clean, nectarlike Extra Light; the Light, with its pure, archetypal maple flavor; and the deeper, woodsier-tasting Medium—are unlike those produced anywhere else. Möpure's syrups cost \$17 (plus shipping) for a 500-ml bottle or \$45 (plus shipping) for a set of three 250-ml bottles in Extra Light, Light, and Medium. To order, call 403/939-4042 or visit www.rarified.ca.



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ORIGINS

Reading the Leaves

Preserving the essence of Darjeeling's legendary teas is "the art and duty of man"

BY HARRIS SALAT

AS THE SUN RISES OVER the Himalayan foothills, a hundred or so women gather in small groups at the edge of a lushly green gorge, carrying on their backs bamboo baskets suspended from straps running across their heads. They wait quietly and listen to a man in a plaid shirt call out the day's orders. "This squad to Lepcha One, that one to Purana Two," he says, assigning each group to a different section of the tea garden. Then the women, who are wearing bright wraparound skirts, button-down shirts, and, on their heads, folded pieces of colorful cloth that cushion the basket's straps, descend in single file down a rocky path and fan out into the garden, where tea bushes swallow them below the waist.

The women are all Gurkhas, members of the famously rugged mountain-dwelling ethnic group that has long inhabited parts of India and Nepal; they work as pluckers here at the 307-acre Goomtee tea estate in Darjeeling, a district of the Indian state of West Bengal. I've traveled here with my friend Sebastian Beckwith, a 43-year-old tea buyer from Connecticut who makes regular trips to small, family-run estates across Asia. This one, which is located in a remote valley near the borders of Nepal and Bhutan, is where some of the world's finest black tea is produced.

We follow the pluckers into the steep-sided valley, blanketed by a green quilt of tea bushes. Automation would not be practical in this terrain, so the leaves must be harvested by hand. We watch a woman bow slightly over a tea bush that has been pruned to a precise height of two and a half feet. Her narrow fingers probe the "picking table," as the bush's flat top is called, swiftly plucking leaves: *snap-snap-snap-snap*. "She's after two leaves and a bud," Sebastian

says, referring to the combination of leaf and tender new growth that yields the best darjeeling teas. In the ravines below us, clouds drift by like smoke. Sebastian has told me that it was here, in these valleys, that he found in the tea leaf a world as deep and rich as that of wine.

CAMELLIA SINENSIS, the flowering evergreen shrub from whose leaves virtually all black, green, and oolong teas are made, is thought to have originated in a band of tropical jungle that encompasses the northeastern Indian state of Assam, parts of Myanmar and Laos, and the Chinese province of Yunnan. Tea first gained popularity as a drink in China, sometime during the seventh century. A thousand years later, Dutch traders introduced it to Europe. In Holland, it caught on as a curative. In England, the beverage was a luxury enjoyed by royalty and nobility, but by the end of the 18th century, tea was edging out ale and beer as the commoners' morning quaff, establishing itself not only as England's preferred breakfast drink but also as the centerpiece of afternoon social gatherings.

Although "teatime" had become a cornerstone of English culture, tea itself remained a commodity tightly controlled by the Chinese, who retained a monopoly over its cultivation. So, in the 19th century, the English embarked on an effort to break that stranglehold by growing tea in India, then a British colony. Colonial officers soon learned how to cultivate the varietal of *Camellia sinensis* that grew indigenously in the Indian state of Assam, and they also sent undercover agents to China, most notably a Scotsman named Robert Fortune, who in the 1840s posed in Chinese garb and smuggled cuttings and 80 Chinese tea specialists to India. Some of those plants made their way to Darjeeling. Goomtee was founded in 1899 by an Englishman named Henry Montgomery Lenox.

The processing factory that Lenox built, a tidy, three-story wood structure, remains the

heart of the Goomtee estate's operation. That's where, later in the morning, Sebastian and I find Mahesh Maharshi, the man who was earlier giving work orders to the pluckers. He is the estate's general manager and has been employed at Goomtee for 30 of his 53 years. "You see," he says, adjusting the reading glasses perched on his forehead, "God has given one hundred percent character of the tea in the leaf. What we are doing here is damaging it. Whoever damages it less will make better-quality tea. This is the art and duty of man."

The three of us enter a pristine white room on the ground floor. Five four-ton rolling machines, resembling gigantic Cuisinart food processors, are lined up against a wall. The word *Britannia* is stenciled on them; the equipment, Maharshi tells us, was installed more than a century ago, when the British still governed India. Workers in flip-flops clamber on top of these contraptions to wrestle with a chute that is feeding tea leaves—picked 12 hours ago and left in trough-like bins to wither—into the machines from a ceiling hatch. The machines exhale a loud *shhh-shhh-shhh-shhh*: the sound of four-foot-wide brass disks pressing the leaves to bruise them and rupture the cells, promoting oxidation; Sebastian shouts over the din that this is a critical step in turning green foliage into black tea.

We walk over to a long, steel tray table, covered with rolled leaves that have begun to oxidize and take on a darker hue. Maharshi picks up a handful of them. "Touch it to your nose now; you will find some flavor," he says.

I raise a clump of limp leaves to my face and inhale. "It's starting to smell like tea," I say. "But how do you know when the leaves have oxidized long enough?"

Maharshi fishes a notebook out of his pocket and points to a hand-plotted graph. "These are the minutes, and these are the quality points,"

HARRIS SALAT's most recent article for *SAVEUR* was "The Art of Miso" (August/September 2008).

A tea plucker in India's Darjeeling region.



ORIGINS

he explains. "After you roll the tea you wait for the peak fragrance. When you reach it, you dry the tea to stop the process."

"But how do you determine these quality points, this peak fragrance?" I ask.

"Simply by smelling the tea leaves you will know," says Maharshi. By smelling the tea leaves for 30 years, I say to myself.

LATER THAT DAY, Sebastian and Maharshi introduce me to Ashok Kumar, the owner of the Goomtee estate. A tall, dignified man in his early 60s, Kumar inherited the business from his father, who took it over in 1956, not long after the British had left, and built it into a world-class producer. In the years before that, when Henry Montgomery Lenox owned Goomtee, all of its tea was exported to England. "As far as Indian culture is concerned," says Kumar, "tea was not part of our lore." Only since the late 19th century has tea been vigorously promoted in India, and yet today the drink is part of the very fabric of daily life. India is now the world's leading

producer of tea, though the vast bulk of it is sold as a commodity product packaged into tea bags. The 75 tea estates in Darjeeling grow just 1 percent of the tea produced in India; much of the rest is grown in the state of Assam.

Goomtee harvests tea from four "flushes", or growths, per year: the spring growth is called first flush; early summer's is called second flush and is followed by the monsoon-season, or "rains", flush (which is usually blended with other types of tea) and, last, the autumnal flush. Each flush yields its own, signature fragrance. "A darjeeling first flush has floral overtones, while a second flush has fruity ones," says Kumar, as he leads us into the factory's tasting room. "The autumnal flush, on the other hand, has a nutty fragrance."

Arrayed before us on a long table are piles of shriveled leaves; some have a reddish tinge, others are shades of brown, and still others are charcoal with green and gold flecks. None could be called black. The term *black tea*, Sebastian tells me, refers to the degree of oxidation, not

the color; all darjeeling teas are fully oxidized "light black" teas. As we talk, Maharshi begins steeping identical amounts of each type of leaf—different flushes cured for different amounts of time—in ten identical porcelain jars. Then, after three minutes, he pours the copper-colored steeped tea into white porcelain cups. Finally, we taste. "The tongue, the insides of the cheek, the upper palate, are all coated, and the flavor is going into the nose," Kumar says. "You're looking for fragrance, strength, and satisfaction." I taste a first flush, which delivers a remarkable combination of floral aromas and flavors.

"People the world over still call it English tea," says Kumar, seeing my pleasure, "but there's no such creature." The drink in my hand may not have been part of Indian lore, but the traditions carried on by the pluckers, the factory workers, and the men who run Goomtee have indeed made it Indian tea. ✎

THE PANTRY, page 106: A source for darjeeling teas.

The Many Flavors of Darjeeling

The highest-quality teas grown in Darjeeling come from a varietal of the *Camellia sinensis* plant commonly known as China bush; the shrub thrives in the high elevations of Darjeeling, where it produces slow-growing, tender leaves. Since the growing season in Darjeeling is shorter than that of other tea-growing regions like Assam, it can be harvested only four to five times a year, after bright new leaves have emerged. Each new growth, or flush, yields tea with its own distinct characteristics; in Darjeeling, the first two flushes of the year, as well as the last one (known as the autumnal flush), are particularly prized for their nuanced flavors. **1** First flush: Picked after the arrival of the

spring rains, from late February to early April, the first growth of the season produces a delicate, golden brew with a bright, grassy flavor and a lightly floral scent. **2** Second flush: The next growth, picked in May, produces a deep-amber tea, slightly redolent of fresh-cut hay, that balances a tannic acidity with a deeper, nuttier character. **3** Autumnal flush: The last growth of the season, picked from October to November, produces a mellow, woody-tasting tea with nutty overtones and a warm, fruity scent. Many high-quality darjeeling teas, which can keep for four to six months in a sealed container stored in a cool, dry place, indicate the flush on the label. —Georgia Freedman





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MEMORIES

Any Given Sunday

Why the most leisurely of meals is often the most infuriating

BY SARA DICKERMAN

BRUNCH, LIKE OTHER supposedly fun activities—car camping and amusement parks come to mind—is rarely as enjoyable as it is made out to be. Sure, I look forward to eating dessert disguised as a meal (Hello, lemon-ricotta pancakes!), and naturally I welcome the opportunity to enjoy a drink before noon. I like bottomless cups of coffee and the sprawl of a fat Sunday paper across the table. But here's what I typically get instead: a long wait in a crowded restaurant entranceway, a longer wait for an uninspired bloody mary, and, finally, the presentation of some overcooked egg dish by a waiter who is clearly eager to turn my table.

My disappointment comes from a place of love. When I was a girl of nine or ten, the first meals I cooked by myself were Sunday brunches—pancakes and quick breads and scrambled eggs with kippers and onion. It was brunch that helped me discover the joy of feeding a crowd, which ultimately led to my career in food. During eight years of working in restaurant kitchens, however, I figured out why this supposedly relaxed late-morning meal can be so raggedy: brunch is the shift from hell. The cooks and servers are exhausted and quite possibly hungover, having worked late the night before and hauled themselves in as early as six in the morning to start cracking eggs and setting tables. (I would often arrive for my Sunday morning shift to discover a bleary-eyed waiter friend of mine polishing mounds of flatware as slowly as if he were underwater.) And as a rule, patrons spend less on brunch than on other meals, so money is made in volume, which means there's little incentive for servers to turn on the charm.

Then there's the food. Eggs are the centerpiece of the brunch industry, but cooking

them in mass quantities is a notoriously difficult task. You can't make an omelette or prepare a shift's worth of pancakes ahead of time; brunch, like dinner, has to be cooked à la minute. Compound that with the fact that diners are never so picky and grumpy as they are during brunch (likely because many of them have spent too long waiting for their morning cup of coffee), and what you have is one fury of a shift: cooks juggling four or more pans of omelettes, over eases, and scrambles at once, dashing to the back line to dice more potatoes for hash browns,



plating bowls of oatmeal with one hand and desperately trying to revive broken hollandaise with the other. Meanwhile, customers are sending back bacon for crisping and eggs for firming. Nearly the whole restaurant staff would rather be anywhere else.

I used to prep for the famous brunches at Campanile, in Los Angeles, where the chefs Mark Peel and Nancy Silverton reimagined brunch food brilliantly. While many restaurants use the meal as an opportunity to repurpose leftovers into quiches and crêpes, Campanile served a splendid hash made from brisket braised just for the occasion, as well

as potato-crust "egg pies" (quiches, but better) and poached eggs kissed with scallion oil and served with prosciutto. Still, the servers and cooks swore as they fetched mini maple bundt cakes and frantically sliced gravlax for the ravenous crowds. I learned some very effective words in Spanish by listening to the line cooks burn toast and fingers beneath the screaming-hot salamander oven.

For all my grumbling, though, there is something irresistible about brunch; no other meal is so unapologetically rich, so utterly devoted to leisure. Indeed, the meal emerged in the 19th century as a lazy bridge between breakfast and lunch for those with the time to sleep late on weekends. The word was coined around that era to describe the hybrid meal. Not coincidentally, that was also when the very notion of the American breakfast was changing, as hearty eggs and meats gave way to lighter, cold or quick-cooked fare. As the pace of urban life accelerated, brunch gave weekenders a chance to linger over the breakfast foods of yore: pancakes, eggs, waffles, and hashes. Restaurants have long been part of the brunch culture, but it was during the 1980s, when I came of age as a cook, that brunching out became a bona fide fad. It also became the chic way to entertain at home, thanks in no small part to the Silver Palate cookbooks, which taught millions of Americans how to make cold fruit soups, frittatas, stratas, and other sweet, bready, and elegant dishes in their own kitchens.

How, then, to reclaim the original, indulgent heart of brunch without the agita? Well, for one thing, if I must brunch out, I go late, after I've had a bit of toast and coffee and the crowds have thinned. More often, though, I have brunch at home, where the bloody marys are always made to my liking, the eggs are scrambled just so, and no one ever rushes me from my table. 

Sara Dickerman's most recent article for *SAVEUR* was "Trip to Bountiful" (March 2008).



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CLASSIC

Over the Top

Rich and creamy, eggs benedict marks the pinnacle of breakfast indulgence

BY GREGORY BEYER

THE REPUTATION OF EGGS benedict as the quintessential brunch dish has made it a favorite subject of food writers, who often come across on the page as afraid of offending it. Typical of such deferential approaches is a description, published a few years back in a Boston newspaper, of poached eggs “lounging luxuriantly on a toasted English-muffin throne upholstered with ham, swathed in a golden robe of rich hollandaise sauce”.

In its spirit, if not its location, that florid tribute is understandable to those who have found themselves, on digging in, both sated and seduced. The very name rings of richness and speaks of a bygone era; we see it in the company of lobster newburg and oysters rockefeller, dishes once consumed by people who knew how to indulge and didn't feel bad about it. The genius of stacking a poached egg atop Canadian bacon and an English muffin and topping those ingredients with hollandaise sauce elevates the pedestrian bacon-and-eggs combo to the realm of special-occasion fare.

All that's known beyond a doubt about the origins of eggs benedict is its American provenance, although most creation myths feature a recurring character type: a picky patron named Benedict breakfasting in a grand old restaurant. One such account, established by a 1978 feature in *Bon Appétit* magazine, attributes the dish to Mrs. LeGrand Benedict, who regularly ate at the old Delmonico's in Manhattan around the turn of the century and, feeling bored with the menu one day, allegedly dictated to the waiter a list of ingredients she thought would add up to something more interesting. This account is lent credence by the fact that *The Epicurean*, a book published in 1894 by Charles Ranhofer, then the chef at Delmonico's, contains a recipe, similar to the one we know today, for “Eggs à la Benedict”.

By my lights, a livelier, if less plausible (given the evidence in the Delmonico's cookbook), story was set forth in a 1942 *New Yorker* article, which traced the dish to Lemuel Benedict, a Wall Street stockbroker, playboy, and scion of New York aristocracy. As the tale goes, a hungover Lemuel walked into the old Waldorf Hotel in 1894 and requested two poached eggs, bacon, buttered toast, and a pitcher of hollandaise. The maître d'hôtel, the legendary Oscar Tschirky, known to countless patrons simply as Oscar of the Waldorf, obliged him and later added the dish to the menu in a slightly altered form: with ham substituted for the bacon and an English muffin for the toast.

The “real” Benedict has never definitively stepped forward, but not everyone has been content to leave the question of attribution unanswered.

GREGORY BEYER is a regular contributor to the City section of the *New York Times*. This is his first article for *SAVEUR*.

In the 1970s and '80s, the desire to establish the veracity of the *New Yorker* account seized a Colorado real estate broker named Jack Benedict, the son of a first cousin of Lemuel Benedict's. Jack undertook a crusade that included the founding of a short-lived theme restaurant filled with historical ephemera related to the dish and his ancestor's story, a barrage of letters to Lemuel's well-off New York nephew and his wife begging for their support of his theory, and, finally, a much labored-over draft of

RECIPE

Eggs Benedict

SERVES 4

The secret to success with this dish (facing page) is the quality of its parts. Adding a generous amount of vinegar to the poaching liquid—a restaurant trick—helps the eggs form into perfect spheres, and making the hollandaise in a blender whips the sauce into a smooth, emulsified state, so it isn't as likely to separate as the version made by hand with a whisk.

- 2 cups distilled white vinegar
- 2½ tsp. kosher salt, plus more to taste
- 1 tbsp. vegetable oil
- 8 slices Canadian bacon
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 tbsp. plus 1 tsp. fresh lemon juice
- ¼ tsp. Tabasco
- 8 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted
- 8 eggs, cracked into separate small bowls
- 4 English muffins, pulled apart by hand and toasted
- Paprika or cayenne, for garnish

1. Bring 16 cups water to a boil in a tall 6-quart saucepan over high heat. Add vinegar and 2 tsp. salt, lower heat to medium, and bring to a simmer.

2. Heat oil in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat; add bacon; cook, turning once, until lightly browned, about 3 minutes. Remove skillet from heat.

3. Combine yolks, lemon juice, 4 tsp. warm water, Tabasco, and remaining salt in a blender; turn to medium speed and slowly drizzle in butter to make the hollandaise. Transfer to a bowl; set aside, covered.

4. Swirl simmering water with a spoon to create a whirlpool. Carefully slide each egg into water; poach until just firm, about 3 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer eggs to a paper towel-lined plate. Divide muffin halves between 4 plates; top each half with 1 slice of bacon and 1 egg. Spoon 2–3 tbsp. sauce over each egg. Sprinkle with paprika or cayenne.



CLASSIC

a magazine article that he hoped would brush away competing accounts of the dish's origins. It was never published.

Whether or not the tale of Lemuel Benedict's improvised breakfast order is true, chefs over time have embraced the versatility of the dish he may or may not have conceived. Though Canadian bacon has since ensconced itself as the standard meat—perhaps because the circular slices fare better both aesthetically and structurally than strips—the simple, bottom-to-top construction seems to encourage variation (see “Benedict’s Illustrious Cousins,” below). In every version, the poached eggs are the stars of the show. Julia Child considered poaching “the purest and loveliest of ways” to cook eggs.

It is also one of the trickiest. As Jack Benedict, who died in 1993, would doubtless have agreed, to be an eggs benedict enthusiast is to court disappointment. At restaurants, the possibility of being served overcooked eggs, to say nothing of botched hollandaise, can make for an anxious wait after the order has been placed. Still, the glory of the dish when it's properly cooked makes the risks worthwhile. What's more, the association of eggs benedict with fine restaurants

should not deter home cooks from adding the dish to their repertoire.

I learned to make eggs benedict in a narrow Manhattan kitchen, which encouraged an economy of movement well suited to the task. It is the hollandaise sauce that requires the earliest and, in some cooks' minds, fullest attention (for a shortcut, see the recipe on page 32). The egg yolks, lemon juice, and melted butter have to be coaxed carefully to a creamy thickness and then kept over low heat as the eggs are cracked and slid into the simmering water, to which I always add some vinegar to help the eggs firm up. While the eggs are poaching, I put the English muffins into the toaster and the Canadian bacon into the frying pan and continue to stir the sauce, keeping my eye on the clock all the while so that the eggs don't overcook. Finally, I carefully lift each egg from the water and set it on its waiting bacon-and-muffin plinth before topping the whole with the sauce.

On taking my first bite, assuming I've done everything right, I feel instantly connected to the indulgent era in which eggs benedict was born, when rich food was relished unabashedly. It must have been a great time to be alive. 

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Benedict's Illustrious Cousins

"No other article of food offers so much scope for the inventive genius of a thoughtful cook as the egg," writes Adolphe Meyer in his vest pocket treatise *Eggs in a Thousand Ways* (Hotel Monthly Press, 1917). Eggs benedict is a testament to that theory: there are as many variations of this classic brunch dish as there are chickens that lay eggs. Meyer's book lists no fewer than 200 riffs on the theme of the poached egg on a pedestal; many of them have become mainstays at brunch palaces all over the country, from Tavern on the Green in New York City to Brennan's in New Orleans. Here are a few of our favorites. —Todd Coleman

>> Eggs Benedict Arnold Recipes vary, but a popular one calls for poached eggs nestled on biscuits and smothered with sausage gravy—a distinctly Southern take on the Yankee original.

>> Eggs Chesapeake This dish is prepared the same way as eggs benedict, except that the Canadian bacon is replaced with crab cakes.

>> Eggs Florentine Sautéed spinach provides a bed for the poached eggs, which are coated with hollandaise sauce. This dish is sometimes sprinkled with grated parmesan and then broiled until the cheese is hot and bubbly.

>> Eggs Hussarde This New Orleans specialty consists of rusks topped with thick slices of tomato and tasso ham, both covered with a veal stock-enriched red wine sauce called *marchand de vin* and crowned with poached eggs, which, in turn, are coated with hollandaise sauce. The name is said to be an allusion to the tomato red uniforms worn by hussars, the 15th-century European mercenary soldiers.

>> Eggs Provençale Thin slices of fried bread are topped with poached eggs and doused with a garlicky Mediterranean-style tomato sauce.

>> Eggs Sardou One of the signature dishes of Antoine's in New Orleans, where it was invented, eggs sardou is made by filling hollowed-out artichoke bottoms with creamed spinach, topping them with poached eggs, and ladling hollandaise sauce over it all.

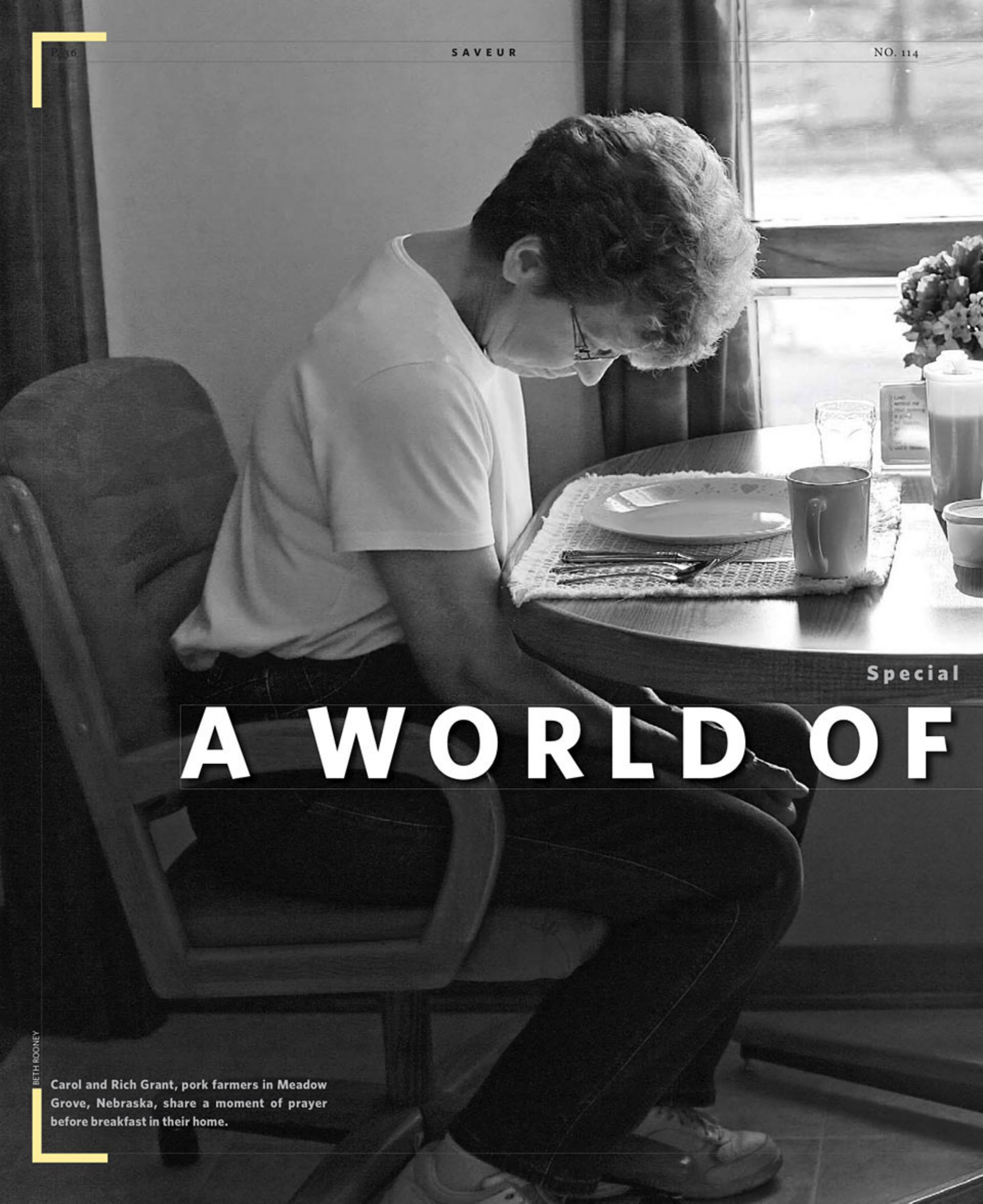


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A WORLD OF

BETH ROONEY

Carol and Rich Grant, pork farmers in Meadow Grove, Nebraska, share a moment of prayer before breakfast in their home.

Issue

BREAKFAST

WE DON'T NEED THE EXPERTS TO TELL US THAT WE SHOULDN'T SKIP BREAKFAST. WE CHERISH THE FIRST FOOD OF THE DAY, THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT WHEN WE BREAK OUR NIGHTLONG FAST. MAYBE IT'S A TOWERING STACK OF

pancakes we crave, or juicy, sage-scented sausage, or perhaps even a bowl of Chinese noodle soup. More than any other meal, breakfast defines who we are. For many, it's a meal eaten on the go, a quick dose of sustenance and a jolt of caffeine. For others, it's a contemplative repast, offering a few moments for replenishing the mind and nourishing the body with healthful foods like oatmeal and fruit. Still others make it an occasion of celebration and indulgence, providing a chance to reconnect with family and friends over, say, a lavish brunch. Although many breakfast foods are common to much of the world—breads, for example, or eggs—others are reflections of regional tastes: the spicy tang of fresh chile sauce in Indonesia, the briny bite of plump olives in Turkey, the sweetness of just-picked peaches on a California farm. But in whatever way we choose to satisfy our appetite in the morning, the diversity of breakfast foods prepared around the world is proof of one thing: that the first bite of the day is also the best. —The Editors



Del Rey, California

THE FLAVORS OF A NEW DAY

On the farm, breakfast comes with life lessons

COFFEE WITH MEMORIES. Buttered toast and tractor work plans. Scrambled eggs with seasonal strategies. That's how we started our day on the orchard where I grew up—and still farm—in Del Rey, California. Those early-morning meals were my family's take on a ritual common in rural communities around the world, both then and now. Farm breakfasts are part of a routine as immutable as the rising sun's, and they serve a purpose more profound than that of simply setting the daily agenda and fueling up for the toil ahead. On the farm, breakfast begins the day with a sense of optimism and offers a moment of calm and clarity, a chance to reflect and reconnect before we disperse into the minutiae of our work.

My Japanese-American family gathered over simple food like eggs, cereal, toast, oatmeal, and fruit-filled pancakes. Once in a while we'd warm up some fried rice left over from the evening meal or reheat a bowl of miso

soup and add a piece of nori, but that was rare. For us, breakfast was premised on a notion familiar to working-class immigrant families: to become American, you ate American. My grandparents had arrived from Japan more than a hundred years earlier, and my parents came of age eating both rice and bread for breakfast. By the time I was born, our breakfasts represented a nearly perfect slice of Norman Rockwell Americana, even if we were still speaking Japanese.

My father was a quiet man, but the few pronouncements he made at breakfast often kept me pondering all day long. What did Dad mean when he hinted that we might have to plant an older variety of peach? Why did he want me on the big tractor today: to give me more responsibility? Was I meeting his expectations? Did he worry about my future on the farm? I remember his morning aphorisms: "Don't throw good money after bad" and "The times to work hard are when the times are good" and "Farmers are land rich and cash poor". None of those sayings was original; like

Dad, they were products of the Great Depression, and, as was true of many men of his generation, his solution to most problems was simply to work harder. Those pieces of advice, proffered before dawn over the morning coffee, gained in value as I began to work the land myself, sweating and straining and pushing my physical limits. The eggs and toast sustained me through the day, but the lessons from breakfast stayed with me much longer.

On our farm, we literally ate the fruits of our labor. During harvesttime we'd always set aside some fruit for ourselves. I'd bring peaches in from the fields at their peak of ripeness, slightly soft and gushy, and my mom would peel them, gently rotating the golden spheres in her hands, guiding a paring knife across the skin. Then she'd slice the fruit, cook it quickly in a pot, and freeze it, stocking the icebox with plastic containers and bags of the slices. In one of the only displays of self-indulgence I ever witnessed on the part of my folks, Mom always used to ask me to bring in the most delicious varieties: suncrests, flavorcrests, elbertas. Why not the

best for our family?

Throughout the fall and winter, we'd eat the peaches for breakfast, sometimes by themselves, sometimes with pancakes or cereal, to which we also added raisins from our grapevines. (Dad dried his own supply every fall, picking the finest thompson seedless grapes in September, then laying them on paper trays to dry in the sun's heat.) We savored our farm's crop with every breakfast, and we drew no lines between work and home, between our labor and our meals—an approach to life my wife and I now take at the breakfast table with our two children. Our menu has evolved over the years; I, for one, like to start off the day with something sweet, like peach pie or cobbler or the Japanese adzuki bean-filled pastry called manju. Life is short, so eat dessert first, I tell my kids. Always, we cherish the summer's bounty and the flavors of our harvest, even on a cold winter morning. The farm is never far from our family. —David Mas Masumoto, author of *Epitaph for a Peach: Four Seasons on My Family Farm* (HarperCollins, 1995)

Blueberry pancakes, facing page, are a staple of farm breakfasts. For a recipe, see page 82.

**BREAKFAST
FAVORITES:
A GRAND
TOUR**

SPAIN Breakfast in Spain is mostly a coffee-and-bread affair, but the country lays claim to one decadent morning option: **churros and chocolate**. Ridged, curved batons of deep-fried, sugar-dusted

cruller dough, churros—whose invention has been attributed, variously, to Moors, Sephardic Jews, and shepherds in the Spanish highlands—are dunked in cups of dark, thick hot chocolate.

USA Nearly 40 percent of Americans have consumed cold,

leftover pizza for breakfast, according to a 2005 poll conducted by ABC News.

JAPAN It wouldn't be breakfast in Japan without **natto**, the pungent soybean condiment that's often served with rice and grated

daikon or chopped scallion, raw quail eggs, and hot mustard or soy sauce, among other foods. Natto is traditionally made by storing soybeans in straw bags; the beans ferment and develop a sticky coating with an intense flavor. (continued on page 45)







Singapore

ALL YOU CAN EAT

In my home country of Singapore, as in many places, breakfast often begins with an egg, but never does it end there. I like my egg fried and laid atop a heap of sautéed Chinese noodles; hard-boiled as a garnish for the dish mee rebus (yellow noodles in a broth thickened with mashed sweet potatoes); or soft-boiled and drizzled with soy sauce. At Singapore's multitude of open-air hawker centers, where I kick off most mornings, I also get to sample offerings that extend well beyond the egg to encompass dishes as variegated as my hometown's intertwined Chinese, Indian, Malay, Indonesian, and Western heritages. Don't mistake this diversity for anarchy, though. Breakfast, after all, must not only invigorate but also comfort. For me and most Singaporeans, comfort means rice. Lontong, another dish I love, consists of cubes of boiled rice cake doused with a vegetable curry called sayur lodeh. I start many mornings with a bowl of rice porridge served with raw-fish slices seasoned with lime juice, sesame oil, ginger, chiles, and spring onion. If I am hungry for more than rice, I've got numerous options. Some mornings, I go for yong tau foo, vegetables and bean curd pieces stuffed with fish paste and simmered in stock. And when I wake up with a serious appetite, I choose bak kut teh: pork ribs and offal cooked until they're tender in herbal broth and served with dough fritters and lots of chopped raw garlic. And how can I forget the kopi (coffee)? In Singapore, the beans are often spiked with maize kernels, sugar, and butter or margarine, then deeply roasted, ground, and filtered through cotton strainers. The resulting thick, fortifying drink would put hair on a chest freezer. (See page 88 for a recipe for sayur lodeh.) —Christopher Tan, a Singapore-based food writer

Clockwise from facing page: stir-fried Chinese noodles served with a fried egg, peanuts, dried fish, braised pork belly, and pickled green chiles; raw-fish slices to be eaten with rice porridge; bak kut teh; a newspaper vendor outside a hawker center; eggs at one of Singapore's wholesale egg markets; mee rebus; shoppers breakfasting at the Geylang Serai hawker center; yong tau foo; a young marketgoer.







Munich, Germany

BREAKFAST TIMES TWO

In some parts of the world, one breakfast isn't enough. Consider the Germans and Austrians, for whom a late-morning meal—a ritual known in Germany as *zweites Frühstück*, or second breakfast, and in Austria as *Gabelfrühstück*, or fork breakfast—is an enduring tradition. In centuries past, rural families in southern Germany and Austria would often start their day with a light repast and, after working the fields, would fuel up again on meatier fare such as goulash and fresh sausages. As rural populations migrated to urban areas in the 19th century, the second breakfast began to serve a more social function. In Munich, beer halls like Weisses Bräuhaus (pictured) are packed at midmorning with groups of friends gathered around tureens of weisswurst, a fresh, mild white sausage made from ground veal, pork, parsley, cardamom, cloves, and lemon zest. Usually the links are eaten with sweet mustard and soft pretzels and washed down with wheat beer. Weisswurst is decidedly a morning dish: many Munich beer halls stop serving it after the clock chimes noon. —Sharon Hudgins, author of *The Other Side of Russia* (Texas A&M University Press, 2003) 



WAFFLE
HOUSE

EDDIE
MASTER GRILL OP
MEMBER SINCE 2001

Southern United States

WELCOME HOME

Institutions like the Waffle House, the South's favorite diner chain, are one reason why having breakfast out can be so much fun

WHEN I WAS 13, I moved from Germany—where my father, a major in the U.S. Air Force, had been stationed for seven years—to a town called Niceville, in the panhandle of Florida. It was a cultural shift that hit me right in the stomach. As a family, we were used to eating out a lot, especially on the weekends, but now we had no idea where to go. Figuring out what to have for breakfast was especially difficult. In Germany, the morning meal had been either an at-home spread of hard rolls, cold cuts, jams, and butter or an elaborate officers' club buffet of scrambled eggs, casseroles, carved meats, and composed salads. In Florida, we felt lost, and for a period we resorted to heating up frozen Jimmy Dean breakfast sandwiches at home. Then, one Saturday morning while driving through the nearby town of Shalimar, we saw it: a bumblebee yellow, letter-tile sign towering alongside the road: WAFFLE HOUSE.

We pulled in to the parking lot, walked inside, and settled at a spacious booth by a window. To my

Facing page, Edwin Johnson, 32, a veteran in the kitchen of the Waffle House in East Point, Georgia.

13-year-old eyes, the place was a Shangri-la, from the eye-popping laminated menu emblazoned with color photographs of egg and hash browns combo plates to the mad yet graceful dance of waitresses, busboys, and line cooks in black aprons toiling in an open kitchen and shouting phrases like "Pick up on the wheat toast!"

The waffles were crisp-tender and topped with a scoop of butter, the eggs for the omelettes were whipped in milk shake machines (see page 97 to see how it's done), and our plates came garnished with a wonderful, creamy hot side dish that my dad told me was called grits. One of my favorite breakfasts was Hashbrowns All the Way: a mess of shredded potatoes fried until crisp, smothered with onions, studded with chunks of hickory-smoked ham and diced tomatoes, blanketed with american cheese, and topped with chili.

If my family and I happened to be traveling in neighboring states, we could almost always find a Waffle House where we would feel at home—at home, but somehow better. Going out for breakfast at a Waffle House felt special, but not in the way a

fancy restaurant lunch or dinner feels special. Ensconced in our booth, each of us digging in to his or her own, made-to-order breakfast, we could relax, enjoying the chance to be together in a bright, convivial place where the juice and the coffee kept coming. As the years passed, I graduated from going to the local Waffle House with my family to going with my friends: it became *my* breakfast place. Even better, it was a place where I could eat breakfast at any time of the day or the night.

Eventually, I moved up North and discovered a land without Waffle Houses. The chain, which got its start in 1955 in a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia, now comprises more than 1,500 locations in 25 states, but virtually all of them are in the nation's southern tier. I soon realized that millions of Americans had never heard of this breakfast institution. Since I left Florida, I've become loyal to any number of lunch and dinner places, but I've never found a breakfast joint to replace the Waffle House. Whenever I'm traveling in the South, I stop at the first one I see.

My most recent return pilgrimage happened to be to a Waffle

House in East Point, Georgia, on a busy Sunday morning. Taking a seat at one of the red-topped stools at the counter so that I could get a glimpse of the action in the kitchen—a spectacle I find as entertaining today as I did when I was a teenager—I ordered a meal of eggs and cheese with raisin toast and hash browns and took in my surroundings. An Al Green song was playing on the jukebox, and, all around me, people were eating breakfast: churchgoers, young families with babies, groups of teenagers, highway workers, and others.

I reveled in the staff's endless stream of dialogue-on-the-fly, snappy exchanges that served as grease for a smoothly functioning breakfast-making operation: "That was a cheese omelette plate coming how?" a cook asked a passing waitress in a white shirt and black visor. "Covered," she replied without breaking her stride. "What with?" the cook asked. "A pecan waffle," she said, as she grabbed a plate of bacon from the counter next to the grill. The cook flipped an omelette onto a plate and concluded, "That'll work." Just then, my breakfast arrived. —*Todd Coleman* 

(continued from page 39) ||||||||||||||||||

WORLDWIDE Just as a French rooster sounds unlike an American one, the onomatopoeic Rice Krispies mascots **Snap! Crackle! Pop!** have different names in other countries. In Sweden, they're Piff! Paff! Puff!; in Finland, Poks! Riks! Raks!; in Germany, Knisper! Knasper!

Knusper!; and in South Africa, Knap! Knaetter! Knak!

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC The cornerstone of Dominican breakfasts is **mangu**, a creamy mash of boiled plantains, milk, and butter, usually served with eggs and sausage.

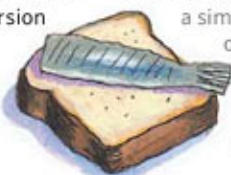
AUSTRALIA Weet-Bix may look like health food, but Australian children still hanker for these flaky whole wheat biscuits, which are softened in milk and eaten as breakfast cereal. A legacy of the same Seventh-day Adventist health food movement that produced

many of America's best-known cereals, Weet-Bix are also popular in New Zealand and South Africa. The English version is called Weetabix.

NORWAY Smorbred are small open-face sandwiches com-

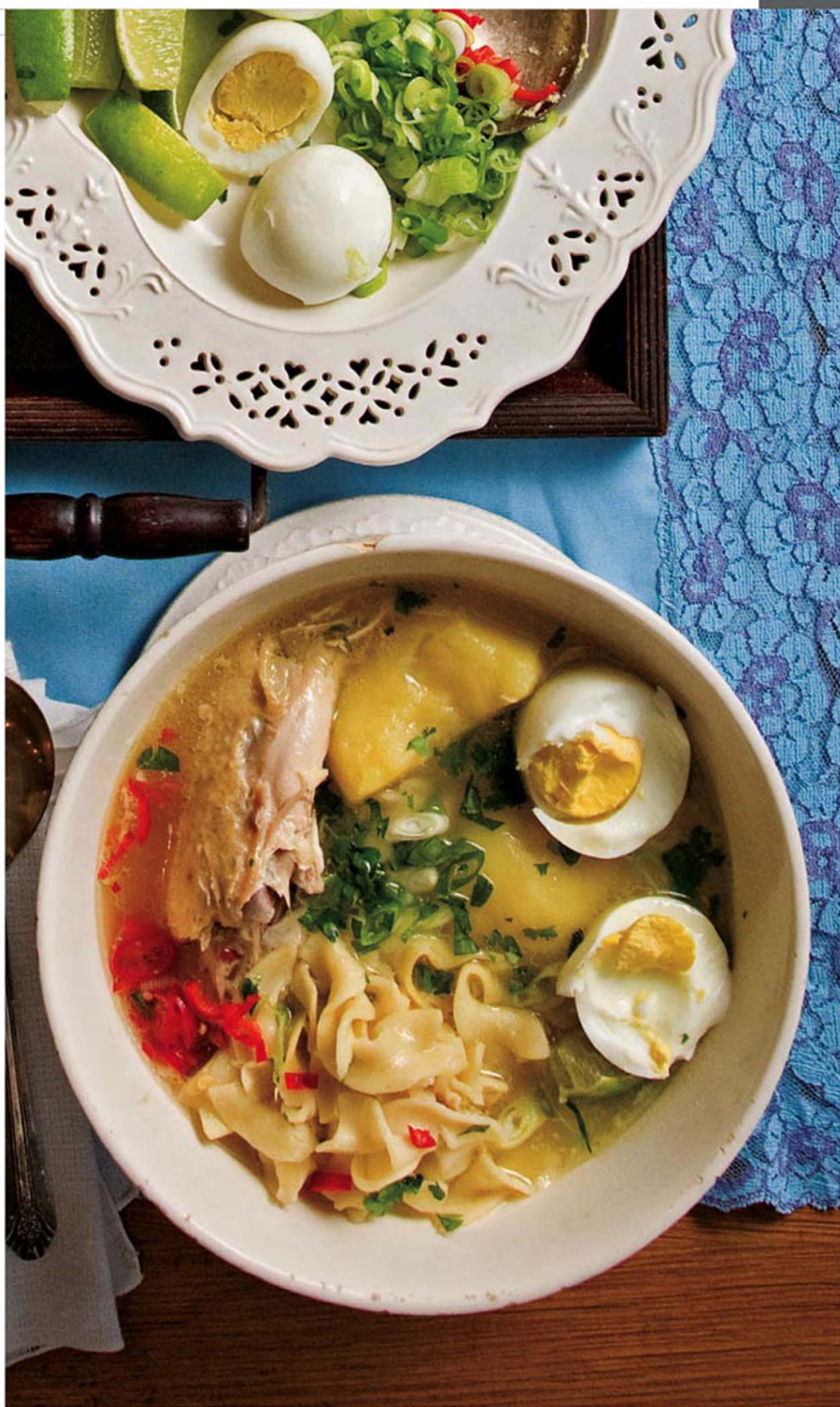
posed of various ingredients and usually eaten for lunch. For breakfast, Norwegians eat a simplified smorbred, often topped with nothing more than a piece of herring.

(continued on page 55)



COMFORT BY THE SPOONFUL

A restorative bowl of soup for breakfast is traditional in many parts of the world; the Mexicans and the Turks have tripe soup, the Japanese have their beloved miso soup, and in many Asian countries noodle soups are popular (see "Chill Chaser", on page 52), as are all sorts of hearty and aromatic broths (see "All You Can Eat", page 40). But I have found no morning pick-me-up finer than caldo de gallina, or hen soup, a popular eye-opener all over Peru. Devotees sometimes call the soup *levanta muertos*, a dish to "wake the dead", and it is the favored cure-all of Peruvian mothers, prescribed for everything from head colds to labor pains. Often served in deep bowls, caldo de gallina consists of a golden, slow-simmered, ginger-infused hen broth (whose seasonings are a nod to Peru's substantial Chinese immigrant population), as well as the flesh of the whole hen (an older, richly flavored bird that takes well to long simmering): moist chunks of white meat from the breasts and dark meat from the thighs, hearty Peruvian yellow potatoes (which give body to the soup), and a tangled nest of noodles or spaghetti. Usually, though, it is the choice of garnish that sets one Peruvian's caldo de gallina apart from another's: slivers of rocoto (a piquant Peruvian chile), peppermint, green onions, and a squirt of tangy lime juice are just a few common additions. As beloved on the streets of Lima (where locals top their bowls with halved hard-cooked eggs) as it is in the mountains of the southeastern region of Cuzco (where the garnishes include *canchita*, or toasted corn, and *zapallo*, a sweet squash), caldo de gallina shows up in as many guises as there are Peruvian cooks who make it. (See page 84 for a recipe.) —Wendy Altperstein, a culinary tour guide based in Lima, Peru



India

MORNING WARM-UP

I hate early mornings, and I hate people who like them. They're always so smug. Nine-thirty is my favorite time to wake up, nine-thirty going on ten. A hot cup of coffee is my breakfast of choice, usually at the coffee shop around the corner. Hard as it is to confess, though, all this changes when I travel to India. At first it's jet lag, and it's out of my control. Under its spell, I find myself wide awake at some stupid hour like five or six. I moan and groan and manage to get dressed, then struggle out onto the street looking for anything resembling life. India before dawn is a remarkably peaceful place. People burn small fires of leaves and rubbish, keeping warm in the early morning chill. Walking the streets in the dark, I'm never far from a stall selling tea, or chai, as it is known in that country. Chai, which bears little resemblance to the drink of the same name often sold at chain coffee shops in the United States, enjoys an almost divine status on the subcontinent, and so it should. Hot, sugary sweet, and mixed with milk and, sometimes, spices such as cardamom and cinnamon (in which case it's known as masala chai), it's a shot of pure rejuvenation. I always clasp a cup of the tea (shown, at left, being made in the Indian state of Gujarat) and hold it close to my mouth, letting the steam roll up across my face. Even after the jet lag has worn off, I still seem, against my better judgment, to wake up around dawn or even before. It's not just the chai; it's also the idlis (lentil-flour cakes), the uppuma (semolina porridge), and all the other amazing breakfast specialties that street stalls sell before the sun comes up. I'd rather eat breakfast in India than anyplace else in the world; but then, India is the only place where I eat breakfast at all. —Jeffrey Alford, author, with Naomi Duguid, of *Beyond the Great Wall: Recipes and Travels in the Other China* (Artisan, 2008)

Turkey

PLATE OF PLENTY

There are dozens of varieties of cheese in Turkey, and whether you wake up in an apartment in Istanbul, a home on the Black Sea, or a rustic inn in eastern Anatolia, you're likely to find at least a few of them on your breakfast plate. Together with briny olives, cucumber and tomato, and breads like simit, a molasses-tinged, ring-shaped loaf, these cheeses form the backbone of a Turkish morning meal. My favorites are the aged, golden, and slightly sharp eski kaşar (shown below, at the far edge of the plate); fetalike beyaz peynir (under the eski kaşar); and lor, a soft sheep's milk cheese that's similar to ricotta (at the center of the plate). Often rounding out the spread are boiled eggs, bowls of thick yogurt drizzled with wildflower honey, homemade sour cherry, strawberry, or quince preserves, and mounds of fresh hazelnuts, almonds, and pistachios. Washed down with a glass of pulpy fresh orange juice and a few tiny, tulip-shaped cups of strong, sweet tea, it adds up to a simple yet sustaining feast for the senses. —Sarah Karnasiewicz 





Potatoes o'brien



Hash browns



Home fries



Urulikazhangu masala



Cottage fries



Bubble and squeak

BREAKFAST POTATOES

Though the potato was cultivated in South America as far back as 7,000 years ago, it first came to North America in the same way that the custom of eating a big, hearty breakfast did: with the British. And though potatoes are now eaten around the world, most potato dishes designed expressly as morning fare belong to the illustrious transatlantic fried-breakfast tradition (see "The Fry-Up", page 68). It's no wonder potatoes have become such a fixture: inexpensive, versatile, and substantial, they are the ballast of the breakfast plate and an amenable medium for different flavors. Here are six of our favorite preparations. **\$** Legend has it that **potatoes o'brien** was the brainchild of an early-20th-century New York City restaurant owner who went by the name Beefstew O'Brien. His idea was to give color and kick to a skillet of fried potatoes by adding a handful of diced bell peppers and pimentos. With all due respect to Beefstew, our preferred rendition takes a few liberties with his original: cubed potatoes are sautéed with peppers, chopped onions, and heavy cream; the last ingredient, when cooked down, loosely binds all of the other ingredients together to form a golden brown patty. **\$** Though many people confuse **hash browns** with home fries, we, like the spatula-wielding cooks at the Waffle House restaurants (see "Welcome Home", page 44), stand firmly by the notion that proper hash browns begin as raw or partially cooked shredded potatoes and should be pressed into a cast-iron skillet or onto a well-greased griddle, where they'll develop a crisp crust and a creamy interior as they cook. **\$** **Home fries** are the customary companion of "two eggs any style" in coffee shops, diners, and truck stops across America; our favorite ver-

sion is a golden brown heap of cubed potatoes and sliced onions crisped in bacon fat and dusted with cumin and paprika (ketchup optional). **\$** In South India, vibrant yellow **urulikazhangu masala**, whose name loosely translates as spiced potatoes, is a robust and fragrant combination of potatoes and onions cooked with coriander, cumin, and turmeric as well as fresh curry leaves, green chiles, and peas. Although it's eaten throughout the day and isn't part of the same tradition as the other dishes pictured, urulikazhangu masala nevertheless makes delicious and portable morning fare when folded inside a crêpelike dosa. It's also served, minus the dosa, as a morning-meal side dish in many restaurants in India. **\$** A close cousin of home fries, **cottage fries** are typically sliced into rounds and draw some of their savory depth from a long sizzle in a skillet with rendered salt pork or the fatty strips of bacon called streak o' lean. **\$** The recipe for the English specialty known as **bubble and squeak**, pan-fried mashed potatoes and boiled cabbage often formed into cakes, is an invention born of thrift. It consists, like many other versions of breakfast potatoes, including hash, of leftovers from the previous evening's dinner put to good use. It dates to the 18th century and takes its name from what the ingredients were observed to do as they cooked in a pot over a fire. An infinitely expansive dish, bubble and squeak has been known to feature all sorts of odds and ends, such as peas, parsnips, carrots, onions, and brussels sprouts. What ingredient other than potatoes can be said to pair so well with others? (See page 88 for a recipe for bubble and squeak and page 90 for a recipe for home fries.) —Hunter Lewis **W**

Indonesia

SPICE WORLD

What is breakfast in Indonesia? Sweet jasmine tea served in a tall glass. A plate of chile-and-garlic fried rice. A slice of buttered white bread topped with milk chocolate sprinkles called *meises*. A wedge of just-picked papaya. An array of leftover curries, their combined aromas rising from the table like a spice market's. To someone unfamiliar with the eating habits of this Southeast Asian nation, the first meal of the day can feel duplicitous. The choices on offer are at once sweet and savory, piquant and mild, robust and light. And despite the fact that most of Indonesia has a hot climate, breakfasts tend to be large (including meals like the one shown at right: a bowl of *bakso*, a hearty noodle soup with meatballs and Asian greens, about to be consumed by a government trainee in a Jakarta restaurant). All these seeming contradictions, though, make perfect sense when you consider Indonesia's geography and history. Comprising more than 17,000 islands that stretch roughly the distance separating Fairbanks, Alaska, from Miami, the country was influenced for millennia by successive waves of foreign merchants seeking its native spices and aromatics. Those visitors—among them ones from India, Arabia, China, Portugal, and Holland—left behind bits and pieces of their culinary cultures: the Chinese, for instance, probably introduced their love of morning-time rice porridge, while the Dutch likely bequeathed their affection for bread at breakfast. In time, these new traditions merged with established local ones, creating the vast mosaic that is Indonesia's *makan pagi* (literally, food morning). Nowadays, with more varieties of morning noshes than perhaps anywhere else, Indonesia's 237 million residents are some of the luckiest breakfasters on the planet. —James Oseland



Mexico

TORTILLAS REBORN

If you ask me, the Mexican dish known as chilaquiles has got to be one of the most satisfying breakfasts on Earth. In a brilliant repurposing of a staple ingredient, tortillas are sliced up, fried, and then cooked until soft in a spicy salsa (the dish takes its name from the Náhuatl words for chiles and herbs). This saucy dish can be found across the country, in home kitchens and high-end dining rooms alike. I grew up in Mexico City, where chilaquiles is usually flavored with tomatillo salsa, serrano chiles, onions, the pungent herb epazote, shredded chicken or beef, cheese, sour cream, and, sometimes, a sunny-side-up egg. But, as I learned from my grandmother the late cookbook author Josefina Velázquez de León, the dish is a wonderful canvas for all sorts of regional touches. In the central state of Guanajuato, a dark red chile guajillo salsa is preferred, while to the west, in Jalisco, you'll find the dish made with chile Colorado (a dried, mild chile) and carne asada. In Veracruz, on the eastern coast, some variations include slivers of avocado; just to the north, in Tamaulipas, cooks use fresh poblano chiles and queso fresco. And, in the southwestern region of Michoacán, chilaquiles sauce is sometimes thickened with raw egg. I love them all, though I belong to a large number of chilaquiles connoisseurs who hold that the version from the central state of Aguascalientes—made with smoky chipotle chiles, toasted sesame seeds, and chorizo sausage—is the best (a variant of Aguascalientes-style chilaquiles is pictured, left). I also confess a fondness for a few unorthodox interpretations: my favorite late-night snack in college in Mexico was the chilaquiles my buddy Jorge used to whip up in the wee hours of the morning using nothing but a bag of Fritos and a jar of salsa. (See page 86 for a recipe.) —Mauricio Velázquez de León, a writer and publisher based in New York City

Muang Sing, Laos

CHILL CHASER

At the early morning market in Muang Sing, in northern Laos, there's the smell of wood smoke from cooking fires, a damp chill from the predawn mist, and crowds of people, many of them belonging to local hill tribes, wearing distinctive hand-spun clothing. I find an empty stool at a stand run by a Tai Lue woman. Perched on other low stools around the table are several Akha women in elaborate headdresses, all eating khao soi, a rice noodle soup. I order and watch as the vendor picks up a handful of the gleaming noodles and lowers them into a mesh basket; then she dips the noodles into a pot of boiling water, removes the basket, and tips the noodles into a ceramic bowl. On top go slices of tender, long-simmered pork, a spicy pork paste, and several generous ladlefuls of aromatic broth. She knows from my previous visits that I like pea tendrils, so she drops a handful of them into the mesh basket and immerses them briefly in hot water before adding them to my bowl. I take a sip, look around at the women seated with me, and am happy at this shared moment of pleasure. —Naomi Duguid, author, with Jeffrey Alford, of *Beyond the Great Wall: Recipes and Travels in the Other China* (Artisan, 2008)







Switzerland

GOING WITH THE GRAIN

Muesli, Switzerland's breakfast of choice, is more than cereal; it's a cultural institution

IN THE BEGINNING, breakfast cereal was just that: raw cereal grains such as oats and wheat that had been rolled or flaked or shredded to make them easier to eat, usually with milk. Then came the puffing and the extruding, the syrups and the dyes, the animal shapes and the cartoon mascots who beckoned us to the table, and we heeded their call. Today, ready-to-eat cereal is the most popular morning meal in the United States, edging out bread itself. Many of us may go for the Kashi GoLean Crunch over the Count Chocula these days, but it's hard not to marvel at how far this food has traveled from its roots. Those nostalgic for more-innocent times would do well to look to the Swiss, for whom a simple breakfast of raw cereal flakes, fruit, nuts, and yogurt or cream constitutes a near-sacred daily rite.

Muesli, as that delicious, high-fiber food is called, was introduced to the world by Maximilian Bircher-Benner, a Swiss medical

The makings of muesli (top left): cereal grains, nuts, raisins, yogurt, apples, orange juice, and more.

doctor and dietary reformer who arguably made a more enduring contribution to healthful breakfasting than his better-known American contemporary John Harvey Kellogg. Around 1904, Bircher-Benner began serving the patients at his Vital Force sanitarium in Zurich a mixture of rolled oats, grated apples, ground hazelnuts and almonds, and condensed milk. He named the dish muesli—literally, little mush. Although no one these days eats Granose, the flaked-wheat breakfast food created by Dr. Kellogg in the late 1800s, or his original Granola, a graham-flour-based precursor to today's granola, the original Bircher-style muesli is still served across Switzerland.

Although that's true, many Swiss don't make muesli the Bircher-Benner way at home anymore, preferring sweeter, crunchier versions flavored with everything from vanilla to flaxseeds to fresh and dried fruit (see page 84 for a recipe). And packaged muesli, the dry mix to which milk or yogurt is added before it's eaten, has proliferated across Europe: a German

company called Mymuesli will custom-mix raw cereals, nuts, fruits, and extras (from holiday spices to Gummi bears) and ship the ingredients to customers in a Pringles-style canister. Even Bio-familia, the venerated Swiss cereal maker that first packaged a Bircher-style muesli, in 1959, now makes more than 150 varieties using hundreds of different ingredients.

And yet, when I paid a visit to Hans-Peter Binz, the 63-year-old president and CEO of Bio-familia, at the company's factory in central Switzerland, it was old-fashioned "birchermuesli" that he was the most eager to talk about. "Dr. Bircher-Benner did not invent muesli," said Binz, dressed in a crisp beige suit and perfectly knotted tie, as we sat in his office overlooking a mountain lake. "He saw people living in the Alps eating oats mixed with raisins, apples, maybe nuts, and he adapted the recipe. Real muesli is the one true Swiss food."

That echoed a sentiment I'd heard from other Swiss people. Eberhard Wolff, a cultural historian at the University of Zurich with whom I'd had lunch a few

days earlier, described muesli to me as nothing less than "the essence of Swissness": uncomplicated, salubrious, rustic yet sophisticated. That essence has acquired a 21st-century aura at the Zurich Development Center, the corporate conference facility and retreat that has taken over the grounds of Bircher-Benner's former clinic, parts of which the center has preserved for posterity. I visited the place on a rainy morning and was shown around by a slim woman in a gray pantsuit named Ursula Muri. Ushering me in by way of whisper-quiet automatic sliding doors, she showed me Bircher-Benner's old library as well as a "wellness center" (a gym), lush gardens, and a two-lane bowling alley. She invited me to the restaurant, where true Bircher-style muesli, made with condensed milk and grated apples, is served every morning. I sat down with a bowl of the cereal, clean tasting and bursting with the flavor of tart apples, and wondered whether Americans, too, might eventually come to think of muesli not as a health food but simply as good eating. —David McAninch

(continued from page 45)

JAMAICA Ackee and saltfish, Jamaica's favorite breakfast and its national dish, is a meal of contrasts: salty, chewy rehydrated salt cod is sautéed with onions, peppers, tomatoes, and ackee, a bright yellow fruit from a West African evergreen tree whose sweet flesh looks

and tastes remarkably like scrambled eggs.

ENGLAND Great Britain's beloved Marmite—a sticky dark brown yeast extract with a meaty



taste that people either love or hate—was a natural by-product of the beer brewing process before it formally became a breakfast condiment, in 1902. Like its Australian cousin Vegemite, it is often spread over toast, slathered on cheese biscuits, or served with eggs.

VENEZUELA The small, round cornmeal pancakes called arepas are so popular that many Venezuelan kitchens have an appliance that exists solely for cooking them; called an arepera, it's a distant

relative of the waffle iron, with circular molds that turn out perfectly shaped discs. In their traditional breakfast incarnation, the cakes are often stuffed with cream cheese or butter and honey.



(continued on page 65)

Washington, D.C.

THE POWER BROKERS

The treadmills are humming before dawn in our nation's capital. By six-thirty, the city is ready to deal. All across town, the aroma of applewood-smoked bacon and coffee mingles with the smell of newsprint and briefcase leather to form a most distinctive Washington, D.C., bouquet: that of the power breakfast. It's an honored Beltway tradition, from Capitol Hill, where fund-raisers brainstorm over biscuits and grits at Johnny's Half Shell, all the way to Georgetown, where lobbyists strategize over miso soup and multigrain pancakes at the Four Seasons. But nowhere is the scent of raw political clout stronger or the setting more sumptuous than at the Hay-Adams hotel, a virtual anteroom to the White House, which sits nearby, just across Lafayette Park. The walls are the color of hollandaise, the silver sparkles, the silk-shaded chandeliers are garlanded with crystal, and the food represents old-school indulgence: French-style tournéed potatoes, cornflake-crusted brioche french toast served with berries (pictured, at right), freshly squeezed grapefruit juice. During the early seating, you'll find senators, ambassadors, cabinet members, and favored columnists. By nine o'clock they've been replaced by White House aides and midlevel diplomats—the "second and third tier", in the appraisal of the *Washington Examiner* columnist and power breakfast veteran Jeff Dufour. By 11 o'clock, when the kitchen at the Hay-Adams ends its morning service, the power is as long gone as the last fresh danish. (See page 84 for a recipe for cornflake-crusted french toast.) —Phyllis Richman, a former restaurant critic for the *Washington Post*  





New York, New York

CAVIAR AND CRYSTAL

Preparing a lavish, old-fashioned brunch for friends recently at my Upper East Side town house, I felt suddenly that I was my mother in disguise. My Turkish caftan stood in for the formal hostess gown she used to wear when she entertained at her own New York City home, but everything else was perfect: the glasses were crystal, the flatware was silver, and the dishes were Danish Flora Danica that had actually belonged to her, as had the freshly pressed white linen tablecloth with lace insets. The drink was champagne—French, of course—and there were also bloody marys and sea breezes (vodka, cranberry juice, and grapefruit juice). The hallmark of any old-school gala brunch is caviar, accompanied by toasted white bread, chopped onions, and lemon wedges. Today, I use the excellent, mildly salty American ossetra grown and prepared by Tsar Nicoulai in California; in my mother's day it would have been Russian black malossol. For a glorious centerpiece, I chose to make a whole ham in the traditional manner: topped with pineapple rings held in place with cloves and glazed with brown sugar, ruby port, and white wine and served with corn bread baked in individual molds (foreground). There must be something green, so I made a fresh spinach salad dressed with a simple vinaigrette. Both the zucchini custard (basically a crustless quiche; pictured, just to the left of the ham) and the frozen oranges filled with orange-zest sorbet were from recipes given to me years ago by a friend who, in the spirit of competitive home cooking that reigned in certain circles, always claimed she'd "whipped these up at the last minute". (See page 88 for a recipe for zucchini custard.)

—Barbara Kafka, author of *Vegetable Love* (Morrow Cookbooks, 1995) and recipient of the 2007 James Beard Lifetime Achievement Award



Prairie oyster



CCR



Bloody mary

CLASSIC EYE-OPENERS

Before we do anything, we'd better have a drink. I'm partial to the gin fizz that Henry C. Ramos used to serve the morning regulars at the Stag Saloon in New Orleans back when Teddy Roosevelt was president: a jigger of gin shaken with citrus juices, sugar, heavy cream, egg whites, and a hint of orange flower water, poured into a tall, cold glass and lightened with a squirt of seltzer. Oh, my. That's more like it.

To begin the day with something stronger than orange juice is a custom of long standing around the world. Traditionally, much of continental Europe has braced up with aromatic liqueurs—the Italians with Fernet-Branca (when they're not having a shot of grappa in their coffee), the Czechs with Becherovka (a heady herbal bitters), and so on. And even if the Scots have largely abandoned their morning skalk of whisky, you can still find people dispelling the cobwebs the old way, from the *kallu shaps* (toddy shops) of Kerala, India, where palm wine is the drink of choice, to the bars of Martinique, where locals wake up with a glass of rum brightened with a squeeze of lime and a splash of cane syrup.

For the true mixological "eye-opener", however, we must look homeward. Indeed, the cocktail itself, an American invention, was initially conceived as a morning-after tippie. The term, which first appeared in print in 1803, originally denoted a glass of brandy, gin, whiskey, or rum with a spoonful of sugar, a splash of water, and a few dashes of bitters. Though this drink soon colonized the afternoon and evening as well, as late as 1874 the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* noted, "There is a certain barkeeper in this city...who declares that he makes more cocktails at eight o'clock [in the morning] than at any other hour of the day."

By the 20th century, the morning-drinks category had come to encompass citrus-rich fizzes and stomach-soothing raw-egg preparations like the prairie oyster, an unbroken yolk hovering in worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, and, sometimes, brandy. If stronger medicine was required, an absinthe-champagne concoction was often the solution; Ernest Hemingway dubbed a version that he fancied death in the afternoon. By comparison, the gentler mimosa, bloody mary, and tequila sunrise are mere placebos.

Two of my favorite eye-openers are among the gentlest: the CCR, green coconut juice with yellow Chartreuse and rum, and the michelada, a mix of beer, lime juice, hot sauce, and other seasonings. Then again, I have fond memories of what we called a Hoboken speedball back in the Reagan era, a coffee chased with a can of Bud. Upgrade to espresso and Guinness, and the day is definitely looking up. (See page 90 for recipes for the cocktails pictured.) —David Wondrich, author of *Imbibe!* (Perigee, 2007) 



Hemingway's death in the afternoon



Henry C. Ramos's gin fizz



BREAKFAST BREADS AND PASTRIES

The baked goods eaten for breakfast around the world come in seemingly countless varieties, but most fall into one of several common families. **\$** The sweet, yeasted buns and cakes of northern Europe, many of which began as indulgences reserved for holidays, have migrated across borders and to far-flung colonies. American coffee cake, for example, is descended from a raisin-studded holiday cake called kugelhupf that's eaten in Alsace, Austria, and Germany. What we call the danish was allegedly invented by Viennese pastry chefs working in Copenhagen, and pain au chocolat, though widely understood to be French, is also believed to be a Viennese invention. The icing-slathered cinnamon roll is a riff on spiral buns such as Sweden's kanelbulle and England's chelsea bun. And Mexico's pan dulce, a yeast bun that comes in a range of forms, is a legacy of successive periods of occupation in that country by the Spanish and the French. **\$** Many fried pastries, too, have roots in holiday traditions. The deep-fried cake balls known as buñuelos, traditional Christmastime treats in Colombia, are now eaten for breakfast in many parts of Central and South America, often with hot chocolate. The North American doughnut is an offspring of the oliekoecken (oil cakes) eaten in Holland at Christmas. And though

the savory South Indian lentil fritter called medhu vadai may look like a doughnut, it evolved separately. It's often served with coconut chutney and sambar, a lentil stew flavored with tamarind. **\$** The layered phyllo pastries, such as custard-filled bougatsa, often eaten for breakfast in Greece and in neighboring Balkan states are closely linked to the Turkish börek, a savory cheese- or meat-filled pie. **\$** The bialy, one of a number of breads that arrived in North America with European Jewish immigrants, remains a New York City standby but has vanished from its native Poland. Its cousin the bagel is traditionally boiled before being baked, so it acquires a chewy texture. **\$** Irish soda bread was developed in the 19th century after the advent of baking soda and baking powder, ingredients we can also thank for such quick-rising marvels as muffins, biscuits, and pancakes. (See page 82 for a recipe for cream cheese cinnamon rolls.) —Ben Mims **W**

Pictured, below: **1** Bougatsa **2** Mexican panes dulces, shown (left to right) in ridged, pink sugar-covered, and scroll-shaped versions **3** Coffee cake **4** Doughnut **5** Bialy **6** Danish **7** Medhu vadai with sambar and coconut chutney **8** Buñuelos **9** Cinnamon roll **10** Pain au chocolat **11** Irish soda bread





Mumbai, India

MADE TO ORDER

Breakfast at the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, a members-only institution founded in the city now called Mumbai in 1846 by British colonial officers, is a meal of quiet elegance. The second-story veranda looks out over a small garden and, beyond that, the Gateway of India and the Taj Mahal Hotel. Outside is the tumult of horse-drawn carriages, touts, and taxis. Inside is peaceful stillness, broken only by the sounds of crunched-on toast and rustling newspapers. Waiters pad about, balancing trays laden with wedges of fresh papaya, pots of tea, eggs, sausages, potato patties, and broiled tomatoes. A favorite order is the akuri: Parsi-style scrambled eggs, made with tomatoes, onions, and cilantro (pictured, above, on tray with toast). The dish is frequently adjusted according to a guest's whim: turmeric, cumin, garlic, and even garam masala (the ubiquitous Indian spice mixture) have become customary ingredients. The variations don't end there: some guests like their akuri light and fluffy, so that it jiggles gently on the plate; others prefer a style called bharuchi akuri, which has caramelized onions and raisins; still others ask for their akuri made North Indian style: cooked into dry, small curds. As with everything else at the club, it's all a matter of taste. (See page 84 for a recipe for akuri.) —Lyla Bavadam, an editor at India's *Frontline* magazine



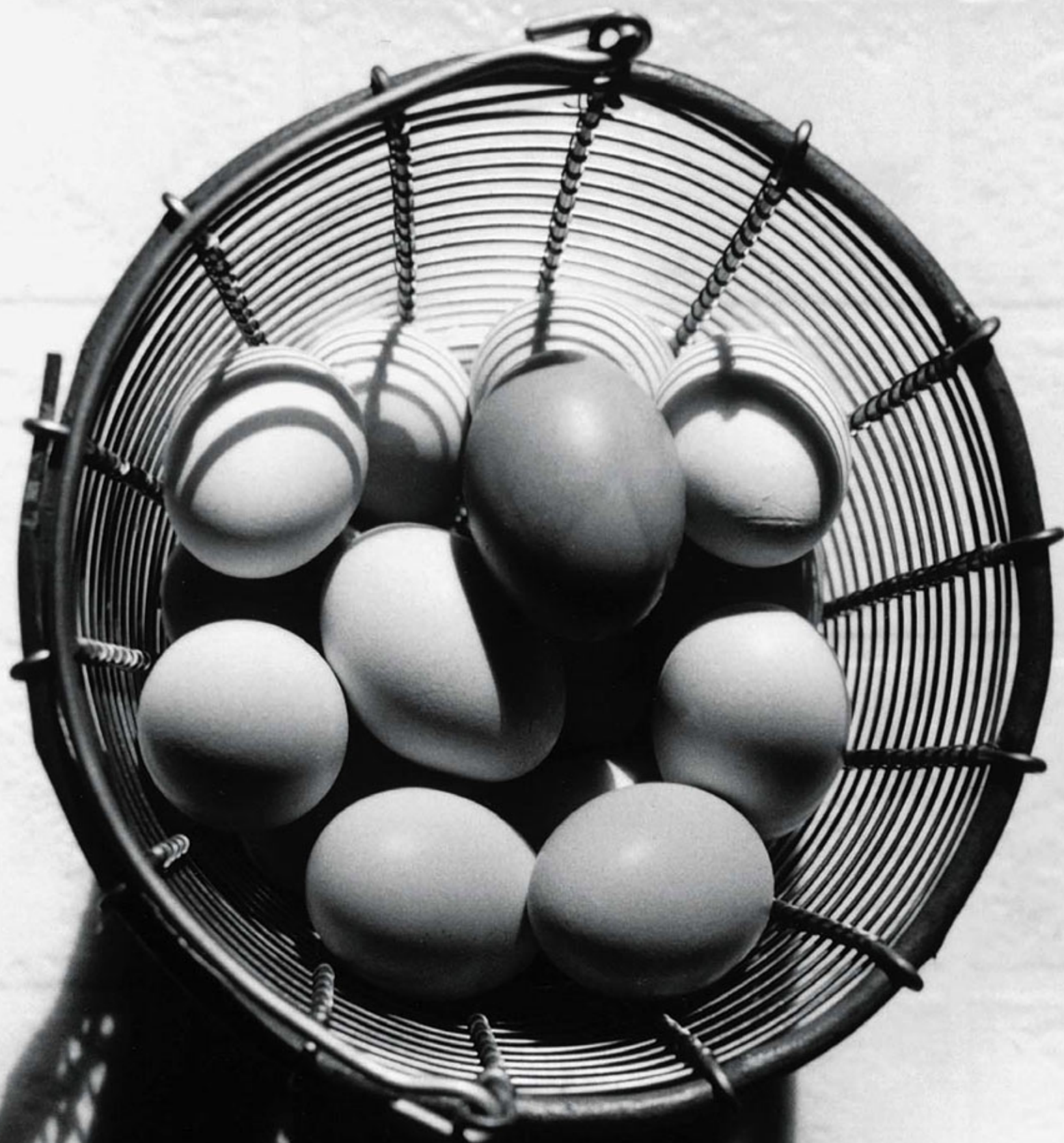
Los Angeles, California

BACK TO THE FUTURE

In the late 1950s, as America's nascent space program was on the verge of sending man beyond the stratosphere, architects and restaurateurs in Southern California were already ushering breakfast into the space age. Landing like mother ships along commercial thoroughfares were ultramodern eateries characterized by swooping, parabolic roofs, huge signage, and bottomless cups of coffee. Often referred to as googie coffee shops—after the name of an extravagantly designed breakfast joint on Los Angeles's Sunset Boulevard—these atomic-age icons marked a radical departure from the small, dowdy greasy spoons of yore. Restaurants like those belonging to the Ship's chain (a location in the Westwood neighborhood, circa 1983, is pictured here) offered patrons a spacious dining room defined by Naugahyde booths and shimmering Formica. At Ship's, an open kitchen put the cooks on display, and the furniture reflected an attention to convenience and efficiency: cantilevered counter stools allowed the staff to sweep the floor without tangling with seat posts, and toasters at every table ensured that toast would never get cold traveling from kitchen to diner. —Karen Shimizu







Hudson Valley, New York

THE EGGS AND I

When grief took the flavor out of life, raising chickens brought unexpected comforts

BREAKFAST WAS SALVATION. That summer, a stranger might have thought that we were making a sacrament, or a fetish, out of breakfast: the eggs still warm from the henhouse, the toasted homemade bread, the rough-cut bacon, the occasional squash blossom picked from the garden, stuffed with mozzarella, and deep-fried. But anyone who knew my husband and me would have understood that those perfect eggs over easy were life preservers in disguise. Breakfast was making it possible to get through the rest of the day.

It was the summer of 2005. My mother had died in May. She was elderly, and her illness was brief, but we were blindsided by grief. As everyone knows, there's nothing you can do to prepare for such a loss, but I think that my husband, Howie, and I sensed, early on, that our fragile psyches would either shatter or endure on the tensile strength of small (mostly edible) pleasures. That spring, we doubled the size of the vegetable garden at our house in the Hudson Valley, and a few weeks after my mother's death we got the chickens.

Their arrival—and, later, their

departure—had much to do with Michael and Laura, the house's caretakers, who keep the pipes from freezing in the winter and mow the lawn when we're not around in the summer. An avid reader of *Mother Earth News*, Michael persuaded us that poultry husbandry was simpler and less demanding than we might have imagined. It was Michael who installed the coops in an empty shack, which he proceeded to cover with so many layers of scrap metal that the wildest fox or coyote (at night, we could hear both giggling and howling nearby) would have needed a blowtorch to get in. And it was Michael who found the old woman who sold us the chickens—year-old Rhode Island reds, five dollars apiece, plump and healthy and gorgeous and ready to start laying.

Our ten chickens made their entrance in unglamorous cardboard boxes. Unpacked and released into their new home, they adapted so quickly that it was as if they'd always lived here. How pretty they were with their glossy, russet feathers, catching and beaming back the sun as they scurried across the green

lawn! And who would have imagined that they were so intelligent! The birds almost instantly found their roosts and started pecking at the corn that we tossed at their feet. We watched anxiously, proudly, like the parents of newborns, as they settled into their comfy, straw-lined metal cubbies. Within an hour, one of them began to make restless, clucking noises that, even to a novice, seemed to hint at the imminent arrival of an egg.

"You go get it," Howie told me, as if, being female, I'd be better suited to deal with matters of parturition. I hesitantly nudged the hen aside and groped beneath her warm feathers. My God, there it was. Of course, I knew that's what chickens did, and yet, as I cradled the egg in my palm, I couldn't have been any more surprised if I'd produced it myself. Encouraged by their friend's example, several other hens followed suit, and by the end of the morning we had enough eggs for breakfast.

I remember how shockingly bright the yolks seemed, the dazzling marigold orange that made me wonder, Hey, what were those pale, bleached globs that passed themselves off as egg yolks? But

it was the taste that surprised me the most: the sweet, concentrated intensity of flavor; the pure, unadulterated eggness. The difference between a store-bought variety and what our hens had brought forth was akin to the chasm between a garden-ripened tomato and those greenish rocks that you used to see in the supermarket before agribusiness discovered a better way to fake the appearance of ripeness. What I remember the most clearly was the sudden recognition that this was the first meal I'd felt like eating, let alone enjoyed, in months.

Simply frying a just-laid egg was an experience completely different from anything I'd known before. No matter how distractedly or awkwardly I turned my eggs over easy, the yolks held their shape, perfect orange islands rising from the cratered lunar landscape of the crisp-bottomed whites. At some point early in the season, I read an article that said that free-range eggs were lower in cholesterol than their mass-produced counterparts. I didn't check the research; I didn't wait to read the statistics. I took it as license to eat as many eggs as I wanted, without anxiety or

(continued from page 55)

ITALY Gianduja, a paste-like confection of chocolate and hazelnuts native to Italy's Piedmont region, was the inspiration for the breakfast spread **Nutella**, which was introduced to the world in the 1940s by the Italian

pastry maker Pietro Ferrero. Loved by children (and quite a few grown-ups) as a topping for toast, Nutella is now sold in more than 75 countries and is more popular than peanut butter.



VIETNAM A steaming bowl of the aromatic noodle soup known as **pho** starts the day for much of Vietnam; indeed, it could be called the country's national dish. Even so, pho's origins are international: the noodles are courtesy of the Chinese,

and the rich beef stock is French influenced.

SOMALIA A Somali breakfast wouldn't be complete without **laxoox**, a sourdough flatbread, similar to Ethiopian injera, that's traditionally eaten with honey, butter, or beans.

EGYPT **Ful medames**, the breakfast specialty consisting of fava beans simmered with garlic, is Egypt's national dish. Many claim that it's as old as the pyramids, based on the evidence of favas found in pharaonic-era tombs. (See page 86 for a recipe.)

SPECIAL ISSUE BREAKFAST

guilt. From then on, there were sponge cakes, eggy homemade pastas, frittatas, clafoutis, flans, and wobbly, delicious puddings. No matter how many times I'd been warned about the possibly harmful effects of overindulgence in omelettes, to eat eggs that summer was to choose life over death. Our hearts had been broken, and the notion of heart-healthy had come to seem beside the point. The closest I came to pure happiness during those difficult months was when I was eating a breakfast that Howie cooked, one that I'll never forget: two fried eggs draped atop paella left over from the night before, fried until it too had formed a delectably dark crust.

THE BEST THING about the evenings was the way the chickens somehow knew that it was time to wrap it up and how they scurried in an uneven line toward the nice, locked-down henhouse, where they would be safe for the night.

I felt gratitude toward our chickens. I wanted them to be happy. That was why, at the beginning, we took "free range" too literally. It was amazing how quickly the hens discovered the flower beds, how they enjoyed digging up and scattering the flower bulbs. Just before our entire farm began to look like a barnyard, Michael built the chickens a large enclosure that they could reduce to dust, in which they could then happily frolic. Eventually, a neighbor helpfully pointed out that a chicken's disposition and productivity had less to do with real estate than—as is

so often the case throughout the animal kingdom—with loneliness and sex.

We needed a rooster. The search for one brought us to an odd local institution: a shelter dedicated to the rescue of farm animals who would otherwise have been eaten. The shelter's standards for adoption were so selective and strict that, we were warned, a home visit might be required before we could have the roosters. The director, an idealistic young woman (her chest crisscrossed with angry welts inflicted by a furious rabbit) took us on a tour that featured the largest hogs I'd ever seen, including one that had been saved from a pig race in Colorado, a contest in which the winner received the prize of being killed and roasted. I didn't ask how the hog had gotten here from the Rockies, nor did I ask about all the humans in need of rescue, perhaps with plates of roast pork. I kept quiet. I wanted the roosters.

And, oh, how desirable they were, strutting around the poultry yard, switching their ebony tail feathers banded with butterfly wing blue, their puffy chests covered by plumage that ranged from bright yellow to deep brown. I say roosters because there were two. "Two mellow brothers from Woodstock" was how the director described them. They had to be adopted together. Were we willing? Yes, we were.

We took them home in cages and set them free, and within a matter of minutes the two mellow brothers had gang-raped all ten of our hens. For those who have

not watched chicken sex—well, it's not a pretty sight. Rooster love is nasty, brutish, and short and often involves the rooster's stepping on the chicken's head. I watched in horrified fascination, and when it was over I wondered at the utterly strange things that have the power to distract us even briefly from grief.

BREAKFAST BY BREAKFAST, we got through the summer, inching back toward what I suppose you could call normal life. I talked about the chickens a lot. It seemed that chickens and books were the only subjects I could safely discuss without the fear that tears would well up in my eyes.

Whatever we might have thought of the roosters' courtship style, the chickens seemed to like it. They got fat and gave us so many eggs that we were giving them away to friends, which, I can tell you, is a wonderful thing to be able to do. The roosters developed a dominance pattern. The alpha-mellow brother ruled the roost, as they say, and kept all the hens to himself, while the less powerful brother vented his frustration by (ineffectually, thank heaven) attacking our daughter-in-law and a friend's son. The beta rooster started to scare me.

Fall came. We returned to the city and went up to the country on weekends. When we drove into the driveway on our first return trip, we rushed to say hi to the chickens before we walked into the house. Over a few weeks, one of the chickens and one of the roosters had escaped from the fencing and been killed—one by

a fox or a coyote, one by a neighbor's dog.

In October, Michael got a puppy. And in November he called to say that the dog had proved smarter than the foxes and the coyotes. Michael was truly sorry. All the chickens were dead. I cried, but in my heart of hearts I was a little relieved. I'd been worried about how the chickens might do if the winter proved severe.

A summer passed, then another. We still talk about getting chickens, eating those fresh eggs again. But Michael has a more demanding job, beyond taking care of us, and neither Howie nor I wanted to devote the time or energy that animal husbandry, however undemanding, demands.

But I can still see them crossing the lawn; how shiny and attractive they were, how pleasant it was to watch them. And I can remember exactly how the morning sun lasered across the kitchen and sought out two blazing-orange yolks surrounded by buttery coronas of white, in the center of a blue plate. I'm more thankful than I can say for that sweet gesture of condolence. Those chickens gave me their everything, and I haven't forgotten.

Now, when a friend is suffering, there's advice that I long to give but never do. I suppose I'm afraid of sounding flippant or facile, of hurting the already wounded. But, dear reader, let me give it to you. You can take it if you want. When things are really, really bad, if possible, raise chickens. —*Francine Prose, author of the novel Goldengrove (HarperCollins, 2008) and other books*

UGANDA This is the only country in the world where cash-strapped students queue up to buy rolexes: not the wristwatches but the breakfast specialty that happens to bear the same name. A **rolex** (the word is derived from the phrase *rolled eggs*) is an

omelette loaded with tomatoes, cabbage, beans, and onions rolled up in a fresh chapatti, a tortilla-like flatbread.

USA The flaky Southern-style quick breads



known as **biscuits** serve as a conduit for regional flavors. In Appalachia, sweet and heady sorghum syrup is ladled over hot biscuits. In the deep South, flour-thickened white sausage gravy is the favored accompaniment. In the Ozark

Mountains of Arkansas, there's even chocolate gravy for pouring over biscuits. And almost anywhere below the Mason-Dixon Line, fruit preserves are a biscuit's best friend.

RUSSIA *Kasha*, a porridge made from grains such as

buckwheat, oats, and wheat, is a key player in the traditional Russian breakfast. Mothers often start their babies on jarred *kasha*—flavored with sweet ingredients like apples, apricots, pumpkin, and prunes—ensuring lifelong loyalty. (continued on page 80)

TASTE PERFECTION



© Marvel 2008



Marvel Dual Zone Wine Cellar

Fluctuations in temperature can negatively alter the flavor of a fine wine or conceal its true depth. For a wine to reveal its complexity, it should be served at precise temperatures.

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Great Britain

THE FRY-UP

I was a wayward art student, invited to a hunt ball in the Dorset countryside by an impossibly posh girlfriend. The white-tie affair ran on through the night with riotous drinking and appalling dancing. Afterward we reeled across the fields and crashed in a gorgeous Georgian stone farmhouse. I was the first awake and lurched downstairs in the grip of a thundering hangover. The low morning sun shone across the paddock and fell, lambent, on a huge, coal-fired range. An ancient, well-seasoned cast-iron pan stood next to a box thoughtfully filled by the house's owner with the makings of breakfast. I got tea brewing and began to prep on autopilot while, one by one and a little abashed, gilded youths who are today, doubtless, politicians or hard-eyed CEOs appeared from their rooms blinking in the sunlight, wrapping pale hands around steaming mugs of tea. Breakfast is never easy to time perfectly, but on this one, miraculous morning, I was on a streak. My brain, too gin-stewed for generating conversation, was *à point* for the poetry of the range. Eggs flipped to plate, each exactly as requested. Bacon and black pudding crisped in the pan. The peppery cumberland sausages, gently poached in oil and then seared beneath a broiler, formed a meaty keel, while baked beans were a cheery mortar that filled any gaps on the plate. My girlfriend and I split up soon thereafter. I should probably have noticed how she was looking at the handsome young chap who had come down from Sandhurst in his dress uniform. She later married him. I, though, was the more irrevocably smitten. At once I had discovered the joy of cooking for others, the respect afforded the man with the pan, and the sheer, leveling properness of an English fried breakfast. —Tim Hayward, a writer and broadcaster living in London





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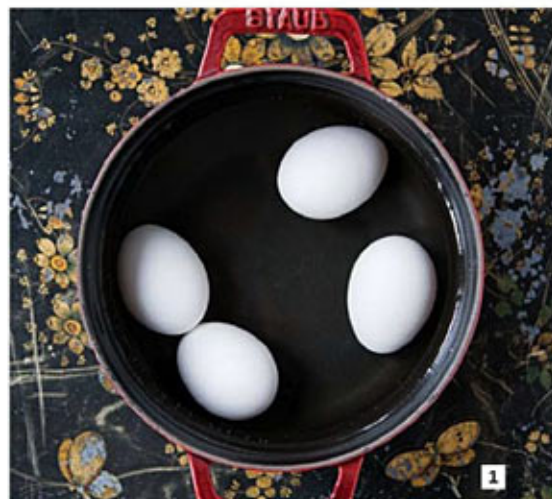
BAKED EGGS 🎥

Wonderfully adaptable, baked eggs (sometimes called shirred eggs) are made by baking or broiling eggs with various ingredients. This recipe produces firm whites and velvety yolks. **1** Heat oven to broil and place a rack 10" from the heating element. Grease two 8-oz. gratin dishes with 1 tbsp. unsalted butter. To each dish, add 2 tbsp. cooked chopped spinach that's been squeezed to extract excess liquid. Using your fingers, make 2 wells in each pile of spinach and crack 2 eggs into each dish. **2** Cut 1/2 tomato into 4 wedges and nestle 2 wedges on opposite sides of each dish. Pour 1 tbsp. heavy cream into each dish. Add 1/2 slice cooked chopped bacon to each dish. **3** Sprinkle each dish with 1 tbsp. grated parmesan, 1/4 tsp. chopped fresh thyme, 1/8 tsp. grated nutmeg, and kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Transfer to oven rack and broil until the cheese is golden brown, the whites of the eggs are set, and the yolks are still slightly soft, about 5 minutes. **4** Use tongs and a kitchen towel to transfer dishes to 2 serving plates lined with paper napkins to prevent the dishes from slipping. Serves 2.



SOFT-BOILED EGGS 🎥

You can't peek inside the shell to see whether a soft-boiled egg is done to your liking, so you have to place your faith in the clock. If you like an egg with a partly set, soft white and a runny yolk—what the French call an *oeuf mollet*—stop the cooking after four minutes; if you like to flirt with hard-boiled, seven minutes is your mark. The eggs shown here represent a nice midpoint: cooked for six minutes, they boast a firmly set white and a yolk that's still soft enough to spread on toast. **1** Using a slotted spoon, gently place 4 room-temperature eggs in a 4-quart saucepan filled with 2 quarts boiling water and start timing. Reduce heat to medium and simmer for exactly 6 minutes. **2** Remove eggs with a slotted spoon. **3** Transfer eggs to an ice water bath and let sit for 30–60 seconds to stop the cooking and make the shell easier to remove. **4** Remove eggs from the ice water and transfer to egg cups. Snip off the narrow end with egg scissors or slice off with a knife and use a small spoon to scoop out the white and yolk. Alternatively, peel each egg by gently rolling and cracking the shell on a flat surface. Makes 4 eggs.





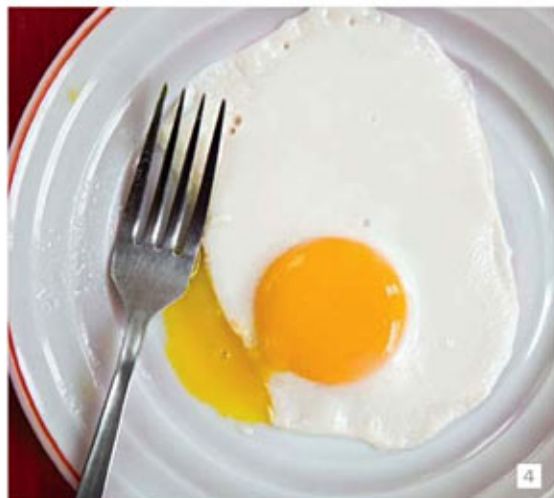
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3



4



4

☪ EGGS SUNNY SIDE UP

The sunny-side-up egg is the symbol par excellence of the traditional American breakfast, and no wonder: this preparation showcases better than any other the egg's inner beauty. The act of making this dish is a simple one, and yet the achieving of evenly cooked eggs with unbroken yolks calls for a careful touch. This simple recipe makes use of a couple of methods to ensure that the eggs cook to perfection without sticking or burning. **1** Crack 1 egg into a small bowl. **2** Grease an 8" nonstick skillet with 1 tbsp. unsalted butter and heat over medium-low heat until the butter just begins to foam, about 1 minute. (If cooking 2 eggs, follow the same process using a 10" nonstick skillet.) Gently slide the egg into the skillet and cook until the white just begins to set on the bottom of the pan, 3–4 minutes. **3** Cover and continue to cook until the white is completely set and the yolk becomes firm but remains shiny and bright yellow, about 1 more minute. **4** Using a rubber spatula, gently slide the cooked egg onto a plate. Serves 1.



2



3



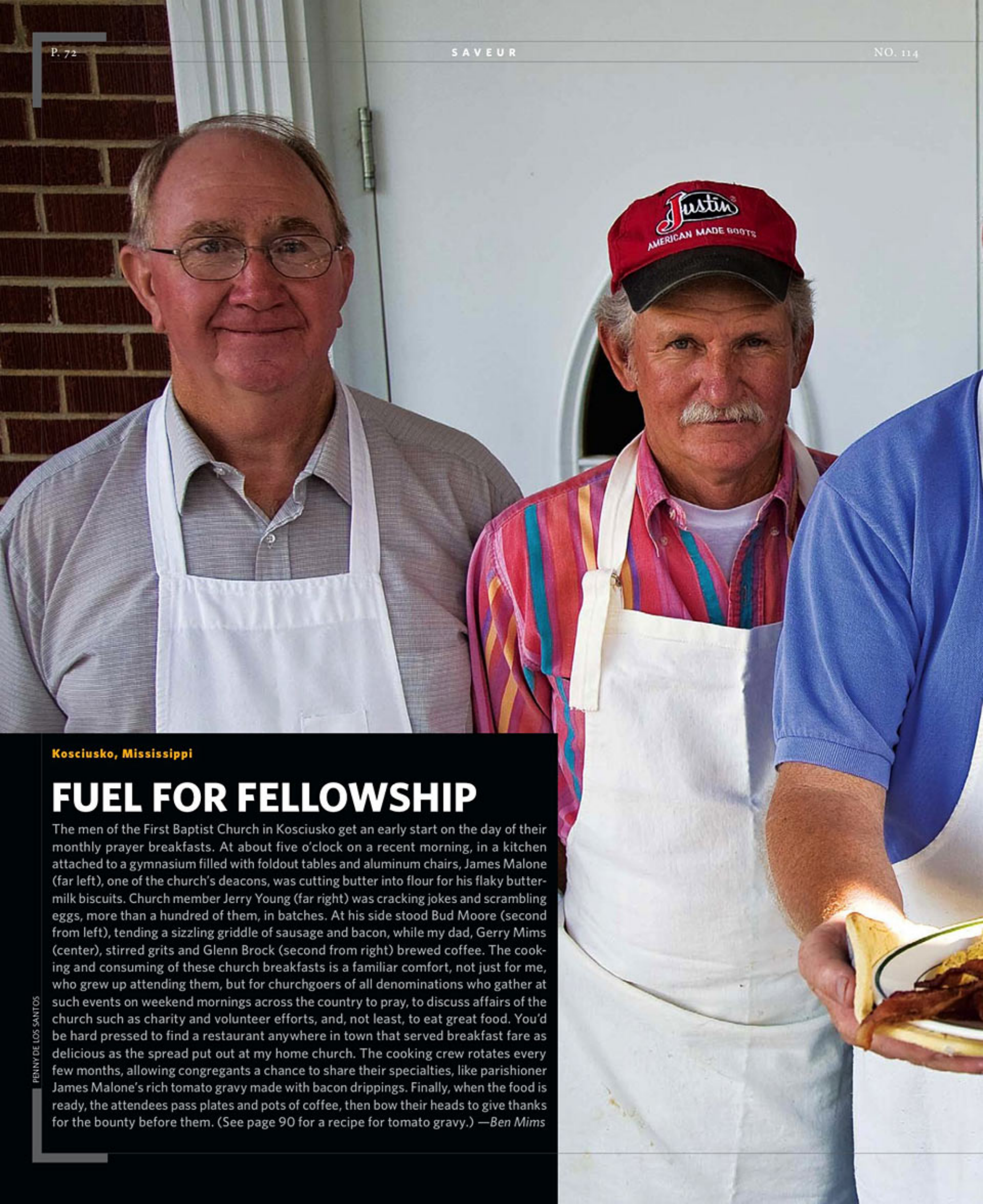
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4

☪ SCRAMBLED EGGS

Creamy-soft scrambled eggs require slow cooking over low heat. Drier ones call for a hot skillet, less stirring, and quicker cooking. The version shown here employs the slow-and-low approach, with butter, chives, and heavy cream added just before the eggs are done. **1** Grease a 10" nonstick skillet with 1 tbsp. unsalted butter. Heat skillet over medium-low heat. Crack 3 eggs into a small bowl and whisk with a fork until the whites and eggs are just combined, about 10 seconds. Transfer beaten eggs to skillet. **2** Let eggs sit until they just begin to stick to the bottom of the skillet, about 30 seconds. Begin stirring vigorously with a wooden spoon to break up the curds. Continue to cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until eggs are almost set but still runny, 3–4 minutes. **3** Add ¼ tsp. kosher salt, ½ tbsp. unsalted butter, 1 tbsp. heavy cream, and 2 tsp. finely chopped fresh chives and stir to combine. Cook, stirring occasionally, until the eggs cook to desired doneness, 1–2 minutes. **4** Transfer to a plate and season with freshly ground black pepper to taste and 1 tsp. finely chopped chives. Serves 1.



Kosciusko, Mississippi

FUEL FOR FELLOWSHIP

The men of the First Baptist Church in Kosciusko get an early start on the day of their monthly prayer breakfasts. At about five o'clock on a recent morning, in a kitchen attached to a gymnasium filled with foldout tables and aluminum chairs, James Malone (far left), one of the church's deacons, was cutting butter into flour for his flaky buttermilk biscuits. Church member Jerry Young (far right) was cracking jokes and scrambling eggs, more than a hundred of them, in batches. At his side stood Bud Moore (second from left), tending a sizzling griddle of sausage and bacon, while my dad, Gerry Mims (center), stirred grits and Glenn Brock (second from right) brewed coffee. The cooking and consuming of these church breakfasts is a familiar comfort, not just for me, who grew up attending them, but for churchgoers of all denominations who gather at such events on weekend mornings across the country to pray, to discuss affairs of the church such as charity and volunteer efforts, and, not least, to eat great food. You'd be hard pressed to find a restaurant anywhere in town that served breakfast fare as delicious as the spread put out at my home church. The cooking crew rotates every few months, allowing congregants a chance to share their specialties, like parishioner James Malone's rich tomato gravy made with bacon drippings. Finally, when the food is ready, the attendees pass plates and pots of coffee, then bow their heads to give thanks for the bounty before them. (See page 90 for a recipe for tomato gravy.) —Ben Mims





Beijing, China

SERVED HOT DAILY

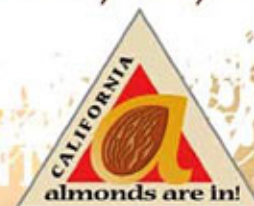
Beijing wakes up early. By six o'clock the streets of this booming metropolis are bustling with deliverymen hauling crates of soda bottles or stacks of newspaper on their bicycles, trucks roaring to construction sites, and millions of people making haste to their local canteen or street cart for breakfast. Chances are, a good number of these Beijingers are in search of the same thing: hot soup and steamed pork buns called *bao zi*—a pairing that has a special place in locals' hearts. Sure, the capital has other morning favorites, including *doufu nao*, pungent, custardlike fermented soft tofu; *you tiao*, crisp strips of fried dough usually dipped in hot soy milk; and *jian bing*, a crêpe coated in egg and folded around crisp, deep-fried dough. But the combination of a bowl of soup—be it a silky, egg-enriched one or the ever popular rice porridge known as *congee*—and a basket of buns filled with savory, finely minced pork holds an irresistible appeal for busy city dwellers. The steaming soup does double duty as a source of protein and the morning's hot beverage, while the *bao zi* administer a dose of comfort that lasts all day. (See page 86 for a recipe for *congee*.) —Georgia Freedman

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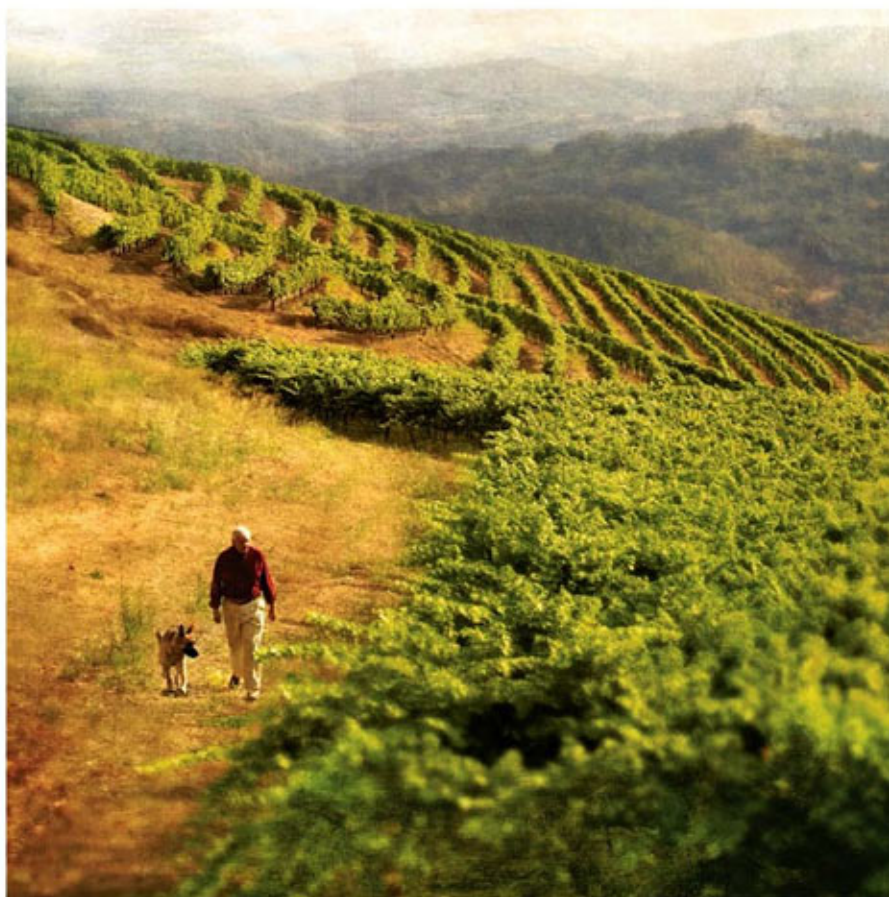
BREAKFAST MEATS

Whether cured, smoked, fresh, or fried, it's usually highly seasoned, thrifty cuts of meat, some of them eaten at other times of the day as well, that add savory accents and substance to the breakfast plate. **\$** Bacon—the cured belly, back, or side of a pig—comes in many incarnations, from American streaky bacons and heavily smoked country styles to paprika-coated Hungarian versions. The brine-cured, loin-cut meat that Americans refer to as Canadian bacon is called back bacon in Canada and the UK and rashers in Ireland; a uniquely Canadian variation, peameal bacon, is coated in cornmeal for extra crispness. **\$** Sausage is another adaptable standby, from mild Irish sausage and English bangers to deeply savory American smoked sausage and breakfast links. They can be seasoned as highly as piquant Mexican chorizo or as mildly as sagey American breakfast patties. In the British Isles, blood sausage, also called black pudding, is made of pigs' blood thickened with oatmeal or barley; in other places, such as France and Spain, bread crumbs or rice is used. White pudding, an Irish specialty, is made with pork, lard, grains, and, traditionally, brains. **\$** Offal makes a breakfast table appearance in many countries: scrapple is a Pennsylvania Dutch pudding of pork scraps, cornmeal, and herbs. Goetta, a German

equivalent popular in the Cincinnati area, combines offal and leaner cuts of pork and beef with oats. Both are sliced into patties and fried. In the American South, liver pudding is served, like other potted meats such as Spam and canned corned beef, pan-fried with eggs and potatoes or grits. Cretons, a pork pâté, is eaten on toast in Quebec and in northern Maine. **\$** Fresh or fried cold cuts are another common theme, from German smoked sausage, chunky pork jagdwurst, and fleischwurst to Armenia's air-dried-beef basturma and the salami-like pork roll. **\$** In the heartiest breakfasts, meat moves to the center of the plate, as in the diner classic of griddled T-bone steak with eggs or country ham steak with red-eye gravy, which counts among its ingredients another morning staple: coffee. (See page 86 for a recipe for country ham with red-eye gravy and grits and page 88 for a recipe for breakfast sausage patties.) —Dana Bowen **2**

Pictured, below: **1** Peameal bacon **2** Country-style bacon **3** Hickory-smoked pepper bacon **4** White pudding **5** Black pudding **6** Irish sausage **7** Fresh pork sausage **8** Breakfast link **9** Jagdwurst **10** Pork roll **11** Fleischwurst **12** Basturma **13** German smoked sausage **14** Country ham **15** Canadian bacon **16** Scrapple **17** Breakfast sausage patty **18** Cretons **19** Chorizo **20** Goetta **21** Liver pudding





Jess Jackson, Hawkeye Mountain Estate, Alexander Valley



The vine is a mountain animal. That's not just my opinion. It's a fact of nature. A result of Darwinian selection. In truth, growing grapes in high-elevation vineyards is extremely difficult for both the farmer and the vine. In the case of the vine, it's a matter of survival.

Our Hawkeye Mountain Estate vineyard sits at about 2,400 feet above sea level. At this elevation there is very little soil and, as a result of gravity, even less water. Grapes grown here are closer to the sun and are exposed to more severe weather conditions. In order to survive, the vines must put all their effort into the fruit. They will yield fewer grapes but the

grapes will be of higher quality. This combination of elements produces tough little berries that are complex, intense and rich in character.

Dry farming at high elevation is far more challenging. But it always produces a better grape. The fact remains, you can't have a world-class wine without a world-class grape. When you try our mountain-grown Cabernet Sauvignon, I believe you'll agree.

I have been told that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines but you are not sure why. My goal is to help with **A Taste of the Truth.**

Jess Jackson





Rome, Italy

THE ITALIAN WAY

Italians, and Romans especially, don't devote a lot of time to a morning meal: for many, breakfast is nothing more than a frothy cappuccino consumed at a crowded bar. It is generally the one meal that Italians do not prepare themselves (the reason being that it was long considered impossible to make an acceptable cappuccino at home), and so breakfast is a convivial away-from-home ritual that everyone indulges in. For those who do take food with their caffeine, there's the cornetto (the Italian version of a croissant), the pasterella (a small pastry filled with custard or jam), and, on rarer occasions, the maritozzo, a brioche, often containing raisins, that's a sort of Roman precursor to the cornetto. Oscar Ribeca, the elderly doorman of my apartment building, near the piazza Santa Maria, remembers eating maritozzi as a Sunday morning treat when he was a child. You'll still find such traditional breakfast foods at a few of Rome's honest breakfast bars, including I Dolci di Checco Er Carettiére (pictured), a hole-in-the-wall in the Trastevere neighborhood, near the Vatican (which regularly supplies the establishment with customers). —Roberta Corradin, a food writer and journalist based in Rome

SPECIAL ISSUE BREAKFAST

Los Angeles, California

COUNTER CULTURE

A former waitress dishes about the devilish eggs, killer weed, and punk rockers at a legendary LA diner

WAS IN THE MIDDLE of something resembling a nervous breakdown when I went to work as a morning-shift waitress at Millie's in the downtown Los Angeles neighborhood of Silverlake. Long since gentrified, Silverlake circa 1985 was a rough-and-tumble bohemian outpost. I'd been one of the first punks in LA, but my punk rock career had ended five years earlier when the lead singer of the band I'd managed, the Germs, gained rock immortality via an early death. My cartoonist husband and I were splitting up, and I'd just been fired from my groovy retail job. My friend Paul Greenstein took pity on me and hired me to work at his eight-seat breakfast counter. Greenstein had become an unlikely restaurateur the year before when Millie, the proprietor of his local greasy spoon, told him she was retiring; though he had no previous restaurant experience, he and a partner bought the place. They cleaned and scrubbed, and a slightly less greasy Millie's emerged; before long, it became a magnet for rock and rollers and aspiring Bukowskis and Basquats.

Millie's was minuscule. Two steps beyond the counter was an open kitchen with an old griddle

and stove. The cook, Barbara, was another rock-and-roll girl, and our dishwasher, Mario, was a tiny man of indeterminate age from Chiapas. After the breakfast rush, he could be found lying on the hill behind the restaurant, a copy of *Siddhartha* at his side, giggling and stoned out of his mind on what must have been killer weed.

The main draw at Millie's was the Devil's Mess: eggs scrambled with Italian sausage, garlic, peppers, onions, curry powder, avocado, and white cheddar (a novelty in the days when cheddar was usually community-service-jumpsuit orange), served with a buttery biscuit and griddled potatoes. The dish was born when a regular asked for "something with everything in it"; soon, it gained signature status and attracted a line down the block. There were days when I served nothing else.

I made more money in six months at Millie's than I had in three years at my previous job. Then I ran off to London with a minor rock star. Barbara moved to Portland, Oregon, where she and her husband started their own restaurant, the brilliant Three Square Grill. Paul Greenstein sold Millie's; nowadays, he restores old



Millie and Jack Fanning, the original owners of Millie's in LA, circa 1980.

neon signs and rebuilds vintage motorcycles. Mario has disappeared into the ether. Millie's is still there, and I recently went back for the first time in ages. The place was packed with fifth-generation hipsters who preferred the sunlight of the new sidewalk tables. The lone customer at the counter, I ordered a Devil's Mess; the addition of guacamole, sour

cream, and chorizo had rendered it unrecognizable. More important, my nouveau Mess was missing two magic ingredients that had always made it so devilishly great: that heaping spoonful of curry powder and the moxie of the young and game. —Nicole Panter, a professor at CalArts, in Valencia, California, and the College of Santa Fe

(continued from page 66)

GHANA The chile sauce known as **shitto** distinguishes breakfast in this West African country; it's usually served with local specialties like kenkey, a fermented corn mash, and



fried fish. There are two versions of shitto, equally popular at morning meals: one is made with fresh chiles, tomatoes, and onions; the other is a more robust variety, also known as black pepper sauce, which is made with preserved fish.

IRAQ Bread is king at Iraqi breakfasts, where one finds **gaymar wa dibis**, a dish of fresh cheese and date syrup on **khubz**, a round flatbread that's baked on the inner wall of a traditional tannour oven. Khubz, like the crusty baguette look-alike known as sammoun,

is also eaten with fried or hard-boiled eggs.

USA America's fixation on quick-prep (and no-prep) breakfast foods—exemplified by such pantry standbys as Bisquick, Jiffy Pancake Mix, Carnation Instant Breakfast,

and Quaker Instant Oatmeal—may have reached its apotheosis in 2000 with General Mills's **Cereal and Milk Bars**, a morning repast for those who don't even have time to pour themselves a bowl. —Caitlin Drexler and Rachel Kalt



Japan

TASTES OF THE RISING SUN

This is my mother's breakfast (pictured, clockwise from top left): bok choy and tofu simmered in fish stock; scrambled eggs flavored with soy sauce and sugar; green tea; miso soup with tofu; shiozuke (lightly pickled cabbage, cucumber, and radish); and a bowl of freshly cooked white rice sprinkled with furikake (a dried seasoning often made from seaweed or fish). This kind of assortment of small dishes, encompassing a range of balanced flavors and textures that stimulate the palate without overwhelming it, has been standard in Japanese homes around the country for centuries and remains so today. The choice of ingredients and the methods of preparation differ from home to home and region to region: some cooks, for example, prepare the rice as a porridge, called okayu; others top it with umeboshi (salt-pickled plums), which add a sweet-and-sour dimension to the meal. Some prepare the eggs as an omelette, while others stir a raw egg into rice and natto (fermented soy beans). I've also seen more-elaborate versions—meals with upwards of ten dishes, including a piece of grilled or salted fish and cold tofu with grated ginger, chives, dried bonito shavings, and a splash of soy sauce—but to my mind, the balanced simplicity of my mother's breakfast makes for as vibrant and satisfying a start to the day as anyone could ask for. (See page 90 for a recipe for shiozuke.) —*Hiroko Shimbo, author of The Sushi Experience (Knopf, 2006)* 

SPECIAL ISSUE BREAKFAST

THE RECIPES

BREADS, GRAINS, PASTRIES,
AND SWEETS

BLUEBERRY PANCAKES

MAKES 12 PANCAKES

The addition of seltzer water to the batter lends these pancakes a light texture (see "The Flavors of a New Day", page 38), and yogurt gives them a mild tang and a smooth consistency.

- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. fine salt
- 1 cup yogurt
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup seltzer water or club soda
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 6 tbsp. unsalted butter, plus more to taste
- 3 cups fresh blueberries
- Confectioners' sugar
- Maple syrup

1. Place a sieve over a large bowl and sift together the flour, sugar, and salt. In a large bowl, stir together the yogurt and baking soda; let sit for 10 minutes. Add the yogurt mixture, seltzer, and eggs to the flour mixture and whisk until just combined. Let batter rest for 10 minutes.

2. Heat 1 tbsp. butter in a 12" nonstick skillet over medium heat. Working in 6 batches, spoon 2 portions of batter (about 1/4 cup each) into skillet, gently spreading out each portion of batter with the bottom of a spoon or a measuring cup to make disks about 4 1/2" in diameter. Cook pancakes until bubbles begin to form around edges, about 2 minutes. Top each pancake with 1/4 cup blueberries, press down on them gently with a spoon, flip each pancake with a spatula, and cook until golden brown, about 2 minutes more. (Alternatively, for "silver dollar" pancakes, spoon 1 heaping tbsp. batter into the skillet for each pancake and top with 1 tbsp. blueberries.) Transfer pancakes to a paper towel-lined baking sheet and cover with a towel to keep warm. Wipe out skillet and repeat process with remaining butter, batter, and blueberries to make 12 pancakes in all. Dust with confectioners' sugar and serve with butter and maple syrup.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

MAKES 15 LARGE BISCUITS

The key to these ultrafluffy biscuits (see "Fuel for Fellowship", page 72) is to work the dough as lit-

tle as possible once you've added the liquid. The biscuits partner nicely with the tomato gravy described on page 90.

- 7 1/2 cups flour
- 3 tbsp. baking powder
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 1 3/4 tsp. fine salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 3/4 lb. unsalted butter, chilled and cut into small cubes
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup half and half

1. Heat oven to 375°. Whisk together the flour, baking powder, sugar, salt, and baking soda in a large bowl. Add butter to the flour mixture and use your fingers to break apart butter pieces, while working them into the flour mixture, until pea-size pieces form.

2. In a small bowl, whisk together the buttermilk and half and half. Pour the buttermilk mixture over the flour mixture and, using a rubber spatula, mix together the ingredients until just combined. Turn the dough out onto a well-floured surface. Pat the dough into a single mass and gently press it into a 1"-thick disk. Gently roll the dough once with a rolling pin to create a smooth surface. Using a 2 3/4" round cookie cutter, cut out biscuits and transfer them to a parchment paper-lined baking pan. Arrange the biscuits in the center of the pan so that their edges touch; this will help to keep them moist. Reroll the scraps and cut out more biscuits until all the dough is used. Bake until golden brown, 30–35 minutes. Transfer the baking sheet to a rack; let cool for 5 minutes before serving.

CREAM CHEESE CINNAMON ROLLS

MAKES 8 ROLLS

Spreading cream cheese into the layers of dough enhances the richness and moistness of these rolls (see "Breakfast Breads and Pastries", page 60). This dough may be prepared a day in advance and left to rise in the refrigerator overnight. For illustrated step-by-step instructions on how to make this dish, go to SAVEUR.COM/CINNAMONROLLS.

FOR THE DOUGH:

- 1 1/4-oz. package active dry yeast
- 1/2 tsp. plus 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk, at room temperature
- 2 tbsp. light brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk

- 2 3/4 cups flour, sifted, plus more for kneading
- 3/4 tsp. fine salt
- 8 tbsp. unsalted butter, at room temperature, plus more for the pan

FOR THE FILLING:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup dark brown sugar
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1/4 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 1 tbsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. fine salt
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 tbsp. maple syrup
- 4 oz. cream cheese, at room temperature
- 8 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted

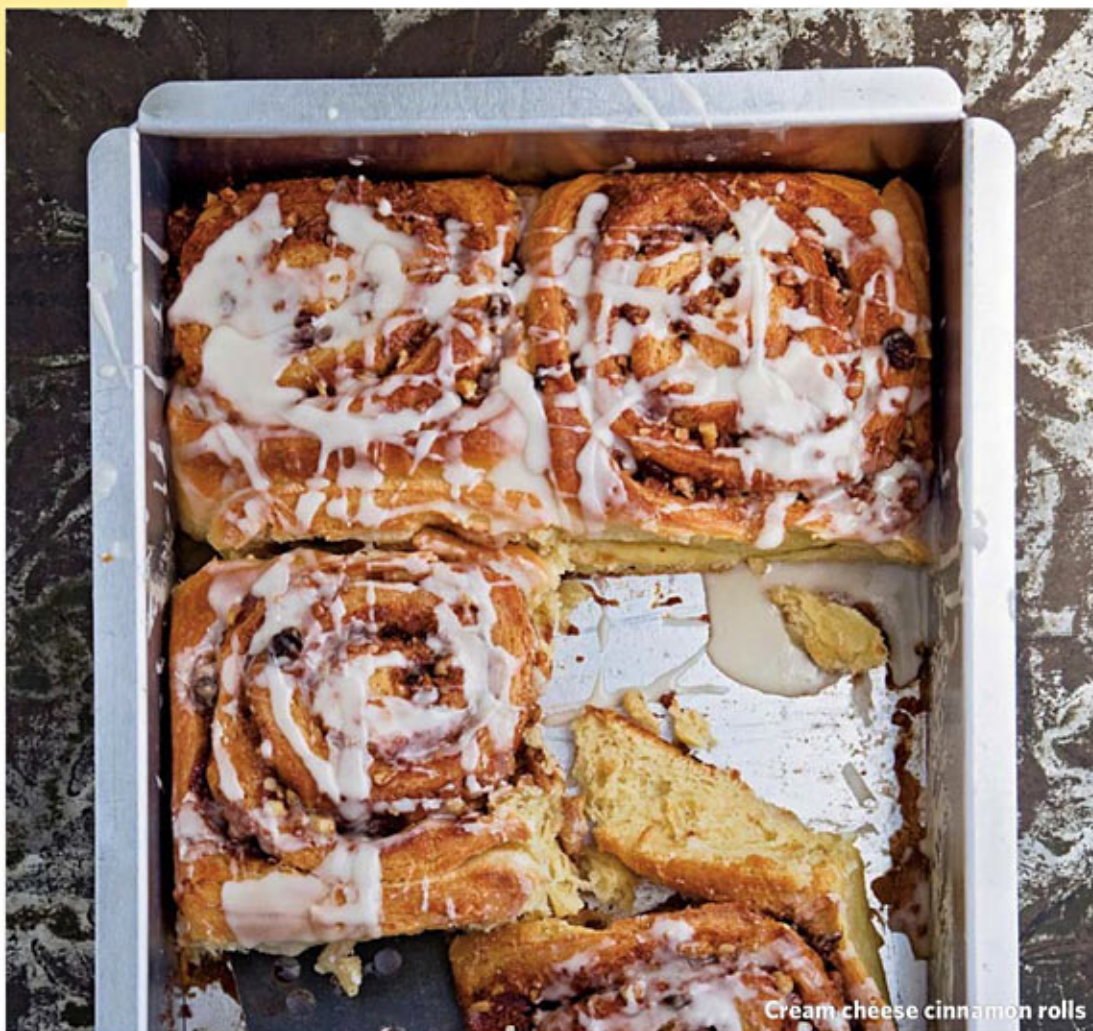
FOR THE ICING:

- 2 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1/4 cup buttermilk

1. Make the dough: In the bowl of a standing mixer fitted with a hook, combine yeast, 1/2 tsp. of the sugar, and 1/4 cup water heated to 115°. Stir to combine and let sit until foamy, about 10 minutes. Add remaining sugar, milk, light brown sugar, vanilla, egg, and egg yolk. Beat on low speed until thoroughly combined, 1 minute. Turn mixer off and add the flour and salt. Mix on medium speed until the dough just comes together. Turn mixer speed to high and knead dough for 4 minutes. Add the butter and continue kneading until dough is smooth and pulls away from the side of the bowl, about 6 minutes. Remove bowl from the mixer, cover with plastic wrap, and set aside in a warm place. Let the dough rise for 1 1/2–2 hours, until it has doubled in size.

2. Meanwhile, make the filling: Combine the sugar, dark brown sugar, pecans, walnuts, raisins, cinnamon, salt, and cloves in a large bowl; stir to combine. Stir in the maple syrup. Set filling aside.

3. Punch the dough down and turn it out onto a heavily floured surface. Gently knead the dough until it's no longer sticky, adding more flour as necessary, about 1 minute. Using a floured rolling pin, roll the dough into a 10" x 10" square. In a small bowl, beat the cream cheese with a rubber spatula until it's smooth and spreadable. Spread the cream cheese evenly over the dough square; then fold square into thirds as you would fold a letter to fit it into an envelope. Take the open ends of the resulting rectangle and fold into thirds again, to make a smaller dough square. Invert the dough so that the seam is face down and, using the rolling pin, gently roll into a 10" x 20" rectangle.



Cream cheese cinnamon rolls



Country ham with red-eye gravy and grits



Ful medames



Buttermilk biscuits with tomato gravy



Sayur lodeh



Breakfast sausage patties

SPECIAL ISSUE BREAKFAST

4. Turn the dough so that the short sides are parallel to you. Brush the top of the dough with half of the melted butter. Drizzle the reserved filling over the dough, leaving a 1" border at the edge farthest away from you. Lightly press the filling into the dough. Using your hands, lift up the bottom edge of the dough and roll it forward into a tight cylinder. Place dough cylinder, seam side down, on a cutting board and, using a thin, sharp knife, trim off the ends; cut cylinder crosswise into 8 equal-size slices. Nestle the slices, cut sides up and evenly spaced from one another, into a buttered 9" x 13" light-colored metal baking pan. Cover pan with plastic wrap and set aside in a warm place to let rise for 2 hours. (Alternatively, the rolls may be refrigerated overnight.)

5. Heat oven to 375°. Uncover the rolls. (If refrigerated, let them sit at room temperature for 15 minutes.) Bake until golden brown and a toothpick inserted in the center of the rolls comes out clean, about 30 minutes.

6. Make the icing: While the rolls are baking, whisk together the sugar and buttermilk in a small bowl until smooth.

7. Transfer the pan of cinnamon rolls to a cooling rack; brush with remaining melted butter. Let cool for 5 minutes. Dip the tines of a fork into the icing and drizzle all over the rolls. Serve immediately.

CORNFLAKE-CRUSTED BRIOCHE FRENCH TOAST

SERVES 4

The recipe for this crunchy french toast (see "The Power Brokers", page 56) is based on the one used at the Lafayette restaurant in the Hay-Adams hotel in Washington, D.C.

- 1 loaf brioche bread (about 1 lb.)
- 1/3 cup half and half
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. fine salt
- 1/4 tsp. orange zest
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 cups cornflakes, coarsely crushed
- 6 tbsp. unsalted butter
- Confectioners' sugar
- Maple syrup

1. Slice brioche loaf into eight 1"-thick slices with a serrated knife. Using a 3" round cookie cutter, cut each slice into a circle and set aside. (Reserve bread scraps for bread crumbs.)

2. In a shallow dish, whisk together half and half, sugar, cinnamon, salt, orange zest, and eggs. Put

cornflakes into another shallow dish. Working with 1 circle of brioche at a time, dip in the egg mixture, allowing brioche to soak for 10 seconds on each side, then coat in the cornflakes. Transfer to a sheet tray lined with waxed paper.

3. Heat 3 tbsp. of the butter in a 10" nonstick skillet over medium heat until just foaming. Transfer 4 slices of brioche to the pan and cook, turning once, until both sides are golden brown, about 4 minutes. Divide the french toast between 2 serving plates. Wipe out skillet, add remaining butter, and repeat process. Dust the french toast with confectioners' sugar and drizzle with maple syrup. Serve with berries and sliced fruit, if you like.

MUESLI

SERVES 6-8

This muesli is a flavorful take on the original raw-cereal mixture developed in Switzerland by Maximilian Bircher-Benner in the early 20th century (see "Going with the Grain", page 54).

- 1 cup whole rolled oats
- 1 cup half and half
- 1 halved vanilla bean, seeds scraped out
- 3/4 cup fresh orange juice
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup pecan halves
- 1/2 cup almonds
- 1/2 cup toasted, unsweetened shredded coconut
- 1/4 cup sunflower seeds
- 3 tbsp. wheat germ
- 3 tbsp. wheat bran
- 2 tbsp. flaxseeds
- 1/8 tsp. kosher salt
- 1/2 cup plus 2 tbsp. yogurt
- 1/4 cup honey
- 15 pitted prunes, roughly chopped
- 2 granny smith apples, cored and grated
- 2 kiwis, peeled and roughly chopped

1. Combine oats, half and half, and vanilla in a small bowl. In another bowl, combine orange juice and raisins. Cover both bowls with plastic wrap; refrigerate for at least 4 hours or overnight to let oats and raisins soften.

2. Put pecans and almonds into a food processor and pulse to chop coarsely. Transfer nuts to a large bowl along with 6 tbsp. of the coconut, the sunflower seeds, wheat germ, wheat bran, flaxseeds, and salt. Add the oat mixture along with the orange juice and raisins and stir in the yogurt, honey, prunes, apples, and kiwis until combined. Divide the muesli between bowls and garnish with the remaining coconut.

MAIN DISHES

AKURI

(PARSI-STYLE SCRAMBLED EGGS)

SERVES 4

This is one of many styles of akuri, as this dish is called in India, served at the Royal Bombay Yacht Club in Mumbai (see "Made to Order", page 61).

- 4 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 1 small white onion, finely chopped
- 2 serrano chiles, stemmed, seeded, and finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 2 plum tomatoes, cored and chopped
- 8 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup chopped cilantro leaves
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- Kosher salt, to taste

1. Melt 3 tbsp. butter in a 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Add onions and cook, stirring occasionally, until soft, about 10 minutes. Add chiles and garlic and cook, stirring frequently, until they begin to soften and brown lightly, about 3 minutes. Add remaining butter and tomatoes; cook, stirring occasionally, until tomatoes release their juices, about 6 minutes. Add eggs, 1/4 cup of the cilantro, cream, and kosher salt. Reduce heat to medium and slowly cook the eggs, stirring frequently with a wooden spoon, until soft curds form and the eggs just set, about 6 minutes.

2. Transfer eggs to a platter. Sprinkle remaining cilantro over eggs and serve hot, with toast.

CALDO DE GALLINA

(PERUVIAN CHICKEN SOUP)

SERVES 6

There are all sorts of ways to garnish this popular Peruvian morning dish (see "Comfort by the Spoonful", page 46). Residents of Lima, Peru's capital, often choose halved hard-boiled eggs.

- 1 5-6-lb. stewing chicken or hen
- 2 leeks, trimmed, roughly chopped, and washed well
- 2 ribs celery, roughly chopped
- 2 carrots, roughly chopped
- 1 1" piece ginger, peeled and smashed
- 1 head garlic, halved crosswise
- 6 medium yukon gold potatoes, peeled and left whole
- 6 oz. dried egg noodles
- Kosher salt, to taste
- 6 hard-boiled eggs, peeled and halved

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- 2 tbsp. chopped cilantro
- 4 scallions, thinly sliced
- 2 limes, quartered
- 1 fresh red chile (such as Fresno), stemmed, seeded, and finely chopped

1. Rinse chicken under cold water and remove and discard giblets (or set aside for another use). Put chicken, leeks, celery, carrots, ginger, garlic, and 5 quarts cold water into an 8-quart stockpot. Bring to a boil over high heat; reduce heat to medium-low and simmer, skimming occasionally, until the broth becomes rich and golden, 3½ hours.

2. Using tongs, transfer chicken to a large plate; set aside. Set a fine sieve over a clean pot and strain broth into pot; discard vegetables. Add potatoes to broth, bring to a boil over medium-high heat, and cook until potatoes are very tender, about 25 minutes.

3. Meanwhile, remove and discard skin from chicken. Pull the chicken meat from the carcass; discard carcass. Tear chicken meat into at least 6 large chunks.

4. Bring the broth to a boil over high heat. Add the egg noodles and cook until al dente, about 10 minutes. Add the reserved chicken pieces and allow them to warm through. Season soup with salt. Divide soup between 6 deep serving bowls. Garnish each portion with eggs and some of the cilantro, scallions, limes, and chiles. Serve immediately.

CHILAQUILES

(SALSA-SIMMERED TORTILLAS)

SERVES 6

Canned chipotle chiles (see page 98 for more about this ingredient) and chorizo are two of the ingredients that distinguish this central Mexican version of chilaquiles from other regional styles of the dish (see "Tortillas Reborn", page 51).

- 6 plum tomatoes, cored
- 2 cloves garlic, unpeeled
- 1 jalapeño, stemmed, halved lengthwise, and seeded
- 1 small white onion, quartered
- 2 tbsp. vegetable oil, plus more for frying
- 4 canned chipotle chiles en adobo
- 4 tbsp. roughly chopped cilantro
- 1½ tbsp. sesame seeds, toasted
- ¼ tsp. dried oregano
- 10 6" corn tortillas stacked and cut into 1½" squares
- Kosher salt, to taste
- 6 oz. fresh chorizo, removed from casing and chopped into chunks
- ¼ cup sour cream, to garnish

- 2 oz. cotija or feta cheese, crumbled, for garnish
- 4 radishes, thinly sliced

1. Heat oven to broil and place rack 6" from heating element. In a medium bowl, toss tomatoes, garlic, jalapeño, and onions with 2 tbsp. vegetable oil. Transfer ingredients to a foil-lined 9" x 13" baking pan and broil, turning occasionally as tomato skins start to blister and blacken, about 10 minutes. Transfer roasted vegetables to a food processor. Add chipotle chiles, 2 tbsp. cilantro, sesame seeds, oregano, and ¼ cup water to the food processor and purée until smooth, about 1 minute. Set sauce aside.

2. Pour vegetable oil into a deep 12" cast-iron skillet until it reaches a depth of 1"; heat over medium-high heat until a deep-fry thermometer registers 350°. Working in 2 batches, add tortillas and fry, stirring occasionally, until golden brown and crisp, about 3 minutes per batch. Using a slotted spoon, transfer tortilla chips to a paper towel-lined baking sheet. Lightly season them with salt. Repeat with remaining tortillas. Set aside.

3. Heat a deep 12" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Add chorizo and cook, stirring frequently and breaking meat up into small pieces with a wooden spoon until browned and cooked through, 8-10 minutes. Add tomato-chipotle sauce to skillet, stir to combine, and season with salt. Bring to a simmer, add tortilla chips, and stir to combine. Let ingredients simmer until the tortilla chips just soften, about 2 minutes.

4. Transfer chilaquiles to a platter and garnish with remaining cilantro, sour cream, cheese, and radishes.

CONGEE

(RICE PORRIDGE)

SERVES 4

Versions of congee (see "Served Hot Daily", page 74) can be found on breakfast tables all over Asia. In a sieve, rinse ½ cup long-grain white rice under cold water and let drain. Put rice, 6 cups water, and 1 tsp. kosher salt into a 4-quart saucepan. Bring to a boil over high heat, reduce heat to medium-low, and simmer, stirring occasionally, partially covered, until the rice takes on the consistency of porridge, about 1½ hours. Divide porridge between 4 bowls and garnish each with a drizzle of Chinese chile oil and a tablespoon of salted dry-roasted peanuts.

COUNTRY HAM WITH RED-EYE GRAVY AND GRITS

SERVES 2

Red-eye gravy, a classic Southern preparation, is a

thin sauce, sometimes called bird-eye gravy or poor man's gravy, that's made from the drippings of fried country ham with the addition of water and a little brewed coffee (see "Breakfast Meats", page 76). Some Southerners say that the gravy got its name from the fact that it was eaten early in the morning; other say it is simply a reference to the reddish tinge imparted by the fat of the ham. In a 2-quart saucepan, bring ½ cup stone-ground grits, preferably Anson Mills Carolina Quick Grits (see page 106), and 2 cups water to a simmer over medium-low heat. Cook, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon, until grits are soft and have the consistency of porridge, about 30 minutes. Add kosher salt to taste; cover and keep warm. Grease a 10" skillet, preferably cast-iron, with 2 tsp. vegetable oil and heat over medium-high heat. Add 4 oz. thinly sliced country ham and cook, turning once, until just crisped and golden brown on each side, about 5 minutes. With tongs, transfer the ham to 2 warm plates. Add ½ cup water, 2 tbsp. brewed coffee, and ⅛ tsp. sugar to the skillet, scraping up any brown bits with a wooden spoon. Simmer gravy until it has reduced to about ¼ cup, 2-3 minutes. Pour the gravy over ham. Spoon hot grits into 2 small bowls and set on plates next to ham. Add a pat of butter to each bowl of grits.

FUL MEDAMES

(FAVA BEAN STEW)

SERVES 4-6

The recipe for this popular Egyptian morning dish (see "Breakfast Favorites: A Grand Tour", page 65) is based on one that appears in *The New Book of Middle Eastern Food* by Claudia Roden (Alfred A. Knopf, 2000).

- 2 cups small brown Egyptian fava beans (see page 106)
- 4 cloves garlic, smashed
- ½ tsp. ground cumin
- ½ tsp. crushed red chile flakes
- Kosher salt, to taste
- ¼ cup roughly chopped cilantro
- ¼ cup roughly chopped flat-leaf parsley
- 6 scallions, roughly chopped
- 2 plum tomatoes, cored and roughly chopped
- 2 lemons, quartered
- Extra-virgin olive oil, to taste

1. In a large bowl, cover the fava beans with 6 cups water and refrigerate overnight.

2. Drain fava beans and transfer to a 2-quart saucepan along with the garlic, cumin, chile flakes, and 4 cups water. Bring to a boil over high

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heat. Reduce heat to low, cover, and simmer, stirring occasionally, until the beans are soft and the liquid has thickened, about 2½ hours.

3. Mash about one-third of the beans against the side of the pot with a wooden spoon to help thicken the stew. Season with salt. Drizzle extra water into stew if it becomes too thick.

4. Divide the stew between 4–6 bowls. Garnish each with some of the cilantro, parsley, scallions, tomatoes, and lemons. Drizzle with olive oil and serve with flatbread, if you like.

SAYUR LODIH

(VEGETABLE CURRY)

SERVES 4

In Singapore, this dish (see “All You Can Eat”, page 40) is often served for breakfast with toasted coconut, sambal (chile paste), and sliced lontong, rice that has been boiled in bamboo cylinders or satchels made of palm fronds until it forms tight, compact cakes. We suggest serving this curry with steamed jasmine rice instead. For a source for hard-to-find Singaporean ingredients, see THE PANTRY, page 106.

- 1½ **tblsp. dried shrimp paste**
- 6 **shallots, quartered**
- 2 **cloves garlic**
- 6 **small dried chiles de árbol, stemmed and coarsely chopped**
- 2 **tsp. ground turmeric**
- 7 **candlenuts or unsalted macadamia nuts**
- ¼ **cup peanut oil, plus more for frying**
- 1 **2" piece fresh or thawed galangal, peeled and smashed**
- 1 **cup unsweetened coconut milk**
- ½ **lb. green beans, stemmed and sliced on the diagonal into 1½" lengths**
- 2 **carrots, cut into thick matchsticks**
- 1 **tblsp. sugar**
- ¾ **tsp. kosher salt, plus more to taste**
- 2 **4" squares firm fresh tofu (about 8 oz.), cut into 4 triangles**
- ¼ **head green cabbage, cored and cut into 1" squares (about 10 oz.)**
- Steamed jasmine rice**

1. Place shrimp paste in center of a 5" square of aluminum foil, fold to make a parcel, and press shrimp paste into a ¼"-thick disk. Heat foil parcel over medium-high heat for 1 minute until paste smokes. Using tongs, turn parcel over and toast for 1½ minutes more. Let cool for 30 seconds and unwrap parcel (shrimp paste should be black-brown around the edges and golden in the center).

2. Transfer shrimp paste, shallots, garlic, chiles,

turmeric, and nuts to a food processor and pulse until smooth, sprinkling water in as necessary to create a creamy paste.

3. Heat peanut oil in a 5-quart saucepan over medium heat. Add paste mixture and fry, stirring frequently to prevent scorching, until the garlic and shallots soften and the texture is silken, about 10 minutes. Add galangal, ½ cup coconut milk, and 4 cups water. Increase heat to medium and bring to a simmer while stirring constantly. Add the green beans, carrots, sugar, and salt and stir to combine. Reduce the heat to medium-low and cook, stirring occasionally, until the vegetables are tender, about 15 minutes.

4. Meanwhile, pour enough peanut oil into a 2-quart saucepan that it reaches a depth of 1". Heat over medium-high heat until a deep-fry thermometer inserted in the oil reads 365°. Using tongs and working in small batches, add the tofu and fry, turning often, until golden and crisp, about 5 minutes. Transfer the tofu to a paper towel-lined plate to let drain.

5. Add the fried tofu and cabbage to the coconut milk and vegetable curry and simmer, stirring occasionally, until the cabbage is wilted and beginning to turn translucent, about 10 minutes. Add remaining coconut milk and cook until just heated through, about 2 minutes. Remove the galangal with tongs and discard. Season broth with salt.

6. Transfer vegetables and broth with a large ladle to a serving bowl and allow the curry to rest for at least 15 minutes for the flavors to come together. Serve with rice.

ZUCCHINI CUSTARD

SERVES 6–8

A version of this quichelike brunch dish (see “Caviar and Crystal”, page 57) appears in *Vegetable Love* by Barbara Kafka (Artisan, 2005).

- 1 **tblsp. kosher salt**
- 2 **lbs. firm zucchini, trimmed, peeled, and cut into 2" x ¼" strips**
- 1½ **cups heavy cream**
- ¾ **cup grated parmesan**
- 3 **eggs, beaten**
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste**

1. To a 3-quart saucepan, add salt and 6 cups water and bring to a boil over high heat. Add zucchini and boil until just soft, about 30 seconds. Using a slotted spoon, transfer zucchini to a paper towel-lined sheet tray. Let dry for 2–3 hours at room temperature or in the refrigerator overnight.

2. Heat oven to 450°. Whisk together heavy cream, parmesan, eggs, and pepper in a medi-

um bowl. Pour cream-egg mixture into a 9" glass pie plate and nestle in zucchini. Bake until golden brown and set, about 40 minutes. Serve hot or at room temperature.

SIDE DISHES

BREAKFAST SAUSAGE PATTIES

SERVES 4–6

Making your own breakfast sausage (see “Breakfast Meats”, page 76) is easier than you might think. These patties are a simple mixture of ground pork and spices. For the best results, ask your butcher to grind together a blend of pork shoulder and fatback that is 70 percent lean. Using a spice grinder, grind 1 dried bay leaf and 1 tsp. crushed red chile flakes to a fine powder. Add 1 **tblsp. finely chopped fresh sage**, 1 **tsp. powdered mustard**, and ¼ **tsp. ground nutmeg**; pulse twice to combine. Combine the spice mixture with 1 **lb. ground pork** in a large bowl along with 2½ **tsp. kosher salt** and 2 **tsp. freshly ground black pepper** and mix with your hands until the spices are evenly combined throughout the meat. Form the mixture into 6 patties, each about 3" wide and ½" thick. Make a small depression in the center of each patty with your thumb and forefinger. (This will help to keep the patties flat as they cook.) Refrigerate for at least 1 hour or overnight so that the flavors can meld. (The raw patties may be covered and refrigerated for up to 4 days or frozen, wrapped well in plastic wrap, for up to 3 months.) Heat 1 **tblsp. canola oil** in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Fry patties, turning once, until well browned, 8–10 minutes. Using a metal spatula, transfer to paper towel-lined plate.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

SERVES 4

Early varieties of these classic British breakfast patties (see “Breakfast Potatoes”, page 49) often included meat and any number of other ingredients, but we prefer the simplicity of this meatless version. Stir together 2 cups chilled mashed potatoes and 2 cups boiled, chopped, and chilled savoy cabbage in a medium bowl; season with kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Using your hands, form the mixture into 3"-wide patties and transfer them to a plate. Heat 3 **tblsp. unsalted butter** in a 10" nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Place half of the patties in the skillet and cook, turning once, until golden brown, about 4 minutes. Transfer to a paper towel-lined plate. Wipe out skillet with a paper towel, add 3 **tblsp. more butter**, and repeat with remaining patties. Garnish with thinly sliced flat-leaf parsley leaves, if you like.



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SPECIAL ISSUE BREAKFAST

HOME FRIES

SERVES 2

Boiling the potatoes for this dish (see "Breakfast Potatoes", page 49) ahead of time and letting them cool completely, preferably in the refrigerator overnight, allows them to cook faster and brown better than raw potatoes. Cut 1 lb. cold peeled boiled potatoes into 1/2"-cubes. Heat 2 tbsp. rendered bacon fat or canola oil in a heavy-bottomed 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Add potatoes and cook, stirring occasionally, until they begin to brown, about 10 minutes. Add 2 more tbsp. bacon fat or oil, 1 small thinly sliced yellow onion, 1/2 tsp. paprika, 1/4 tsp. ground cumin, and kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Cook, stirring and scraping the bottom of the skillet with a metal spatula, until the potatoes form a golden brown crust and the onions soften and brown, 15-20 minutes.

SHIOZUKE

(PICKLED CABBAGE)

SERVES 4-6

This traditional breakfast pickle (see "Tastes of the Rising Sun", page 81) is part of a family of Japanese quick-salted pickles. Core and roughly chop 1/4 head green cabbage and thinly slice 5 radishes and 2 small kirby cucumbers. Put the vegetables into a large bowl and toss with 1 1/2 tsp. kosher salt to combine. Set the vegetables aside, tossing occasionally, until slightly wilted, about 20 minutes. Transfer vegetables to a large sieve in the sink and rinse away any excess salt under cold running water, about 30 seconds. Place the sieve over a bowl and let the liquid drain into the bowl for 10 minutes. Squeeze the vegetables over the sieve to rid them of any excess liquid, and reserve 2 tbsp. of the collected liquid. Put vegetables into a medium bowl and sprinkle with 2 tbsp. rice vinegar and 1/2 tsp. sugar, toss to coat, and set aside to allow the flavors to meld for 30 minutes. Add the reserved liquid and 5 thinly sliced shiso leaves (see page 106). Stir to combine and season with more salt and sugar to taste.

TOMATO GRAVY

SERVES 4-6

This rich, brightly colored gravy, popular as an accompaniment to biscuits in parts of Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, makes a delicious alternative to the more widely known white sausage gravy (see "Fuel for Fellowship", page 72).

- 3 tbsp. rendered bacon fat
- 1 small yellow onion, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. kosher salt, plus more to taste

1/2 tsp. freshly ground black pepper, plus more to taste

2 tsp. finely chopped fresh thyme

1 tbsp. flour

2 lbs. tomatoes, cored, halved, seeded, and finely chopped

1/4 cup milk

1/4 cup heavy cream

Buttermilk biscuits (see recipe on page 82), split

1. Heat bacon fat in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Add onions and cook, stirring frequently, until soft, about 10 minutes. Add garlic, 1 tsp. of the salt, pepper, and thyme and cook, stirring occasionally, until the flavors meld, about 2 minutes. Sprinkle in flour and cook, stirring vigorously with a wooden spoon to combine, for another 2 minutes. Stir in the tomatoes and the remaining salt and cook until the tomatoes begin to soften and release their juices, 6 minutes.

2. Slowly stir in the milk and heavy cream and bring to a simmer. Cook, stirring frequently, until gravy thickens, about 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Serve over biscuits.

DRINKS

BLOODY MARY

SERVES 1

Probably invented sometime in the early 20th century (one likely apocryphal account features a Palm Beach socialite named Mary Warburton, who spilled a tomato-and-vodka drink down her white dress and thus inspired the name), this now ubiquitous brunch cocktail has lent itself to countless interpretations, most of them revolving around the basic theme of a peppery kick complemented by tangy, vodka-spiked tomato juice. (See "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58.) Combine 4 oz. tomato juice, 2 oz. vodka, 1 tbsp. fresh lemon juice, 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire, 1 tsp. prepared horseradish, and freshly ground black pepper to taste in a mixing glass. Pour the mixture into a second mixing glass and then back again several times to combine. Pour into a highball glass full of cracked ice and garnish with a lemon wedge. (For additional bloody mary recipes, visit SAVEUR.COM/ISSUE114.)

CCR

SERVES 1

The CCR is a Caribbean refresher (see "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58) composed of a splash of Chartreuse (a French herbal liqueur), coconut water, and aged Martinique rum. Fill a tall highball glass with cracked ice. Pour in 1 1/2 oz. 100-proof

rum agricole vieux, 1/2 tsp. yellow Chartreuse, and 3 1/2 oz. canned unsweetened coconut water, preferably Zico or Goya brand. Stir to combine.

HEMINGWAY'S DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

SERVES 1

Named after Ernest Hemingway's 1932 novel about the rituals of bullfighting, this champagne cocktail (see "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58) takes its greenish hue from a splash of absinthe. Pour 1 oz. absinthe (SAVEUR contributor David Wondrich recommends using a slightly sweet brand of absinthe, such as Lucid) into a champagne glass. Top with champagne and stir to combine.

HENRY C. RAMOS'S GIN FIZZ

SERVES 1

A mix of orange flower water and gin gives this venerable New Orleans cocktail (see "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58) a floral character with hints of juniper, while an egg white and heavy cream give it frothy body. The longer you shake the cocktail, the frothier it gets. Combine 2 tsp. fresh lime juice, 1 tsp. fresh lemon juice, and 1 tbsp. superfine sugar in a cocktail shaker and stir to dissolve. Add 1 1/2 oz. gin, 1 oz. heavy cream, 1/4 tsp. orange flower water, and 1 egg white. Cover and shake vigorously for 10 seconds. Add 2 cups cracked ice, cover, and shake vigorously for about 45 seconds more. Strain into a chilled rocks or highball glass and add 1 oz. cold seltzer.

MIMOSA

SERVES 1

The simple method of mixing champagne and orange juice (see "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58), popularized in Paris and London in the 1920s, has had an enduring appeal. Pour 1 oz. fresh orange juice into a champagne flute. Pour in enough champagne to fill the flute to the rim and stir to combine.

PRAIRIE OYSTER

SERVES 1

This old-school cocktail (see "Classic Eye-Openers", page 58) is meant to be slugged back in a single gulp. It was long believed to be a cure-all for everything from hangovers to stomachaches. This version is based on one that appears in the *Standard Bartender's Guide* by Patrick Gavin Duffy (PocketBooks, 1933). Combine 1 oz. brandy, 1/2 tsp. white wine vinegar, 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire, and 1/4 tsp. Tabasco in an old-fashioned or rocks glass. Stir to combine; carefully crack an egg into the center of glass. 

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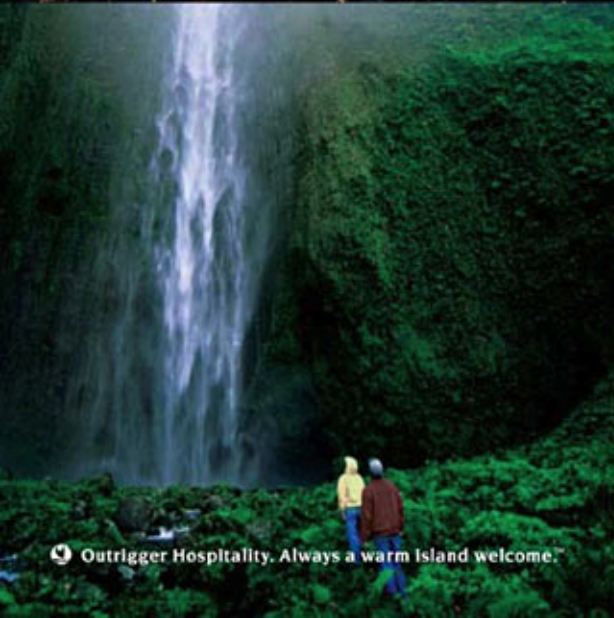
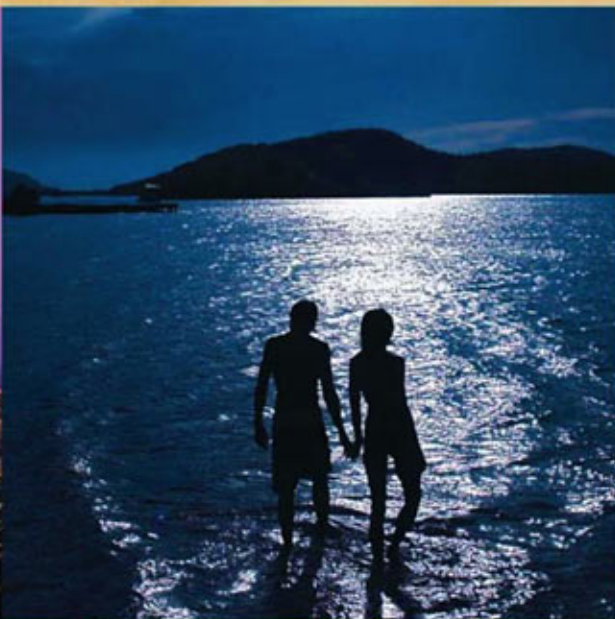
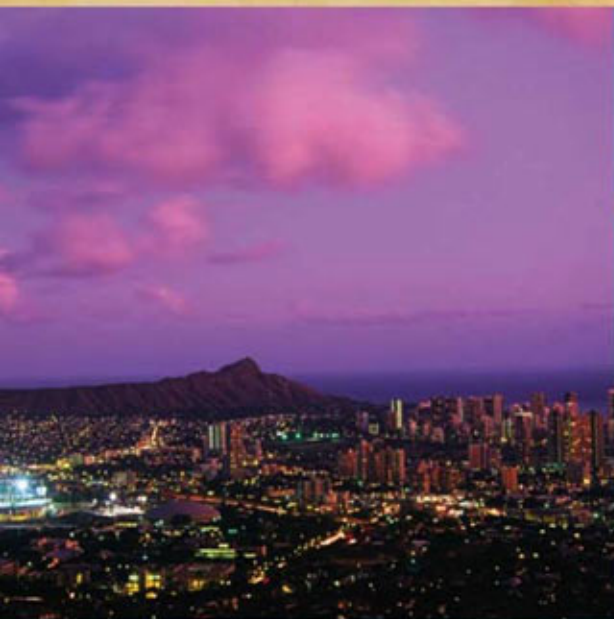
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Let the Eating Begin: Hawaii's Food Festivals

With its mix of ethnic groups, rich agricultural resources, and a native culture that knows the importance of a good lū'au, Hawaii has a food tradition all its own. This year, take a trip that will satisfy your wanderlust and your appetite by heading to the Pacific. Here are our favorite food festivals to send you packing.



Coffee beans in their raw state.

Kona Coffee Cultural Festival Big Island, November 7-16, 2008

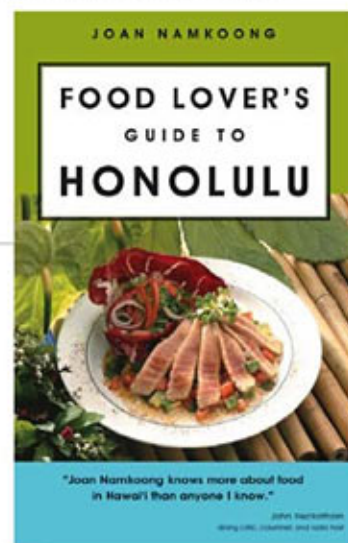
In the late 1820s, the Reverend Samuel Ruggles took a cutting from a *Coffea arabica* tree on O'ahu and planted it in Kona. The plant thrived, and credit was given to Kona's fertile volcanic soil as well as its ideal climate of sunny days and misty afternoons. This year, celebrate 180 years of coffee at the Kona Coffee Cultural Festival. Attractions include tours of working Kona coffee farms, coffee samplings, parades, art exhibits, and a coffee-picking contest. Pick up a copy of "The Kona Coffee Country Driving Tour" map, and take a road trip to mills, farms, and cafés. 808/326-7820, www.konacoffeefest.com

East Maui Taro Festival Maui, April 25-26, 2009

Ancient Hawaiians pounded the root of the taro plant to make poi, a pasty purple substance that was a staple of the Hawaiian diet. To witness this centuries-old tradition, head to the East Maui Taro Festival. Situated at the Hāna Ballpark, the all-day event features cultural demonstrations such as poi pounding, lei making, thatch house building, and hula dancing. Also, more than 20 food booths put their own spin

Take This With You

On your next visit to O'ahu, don't wander the streets looking for a good bite to eat. Pick up a copy of Joan Namkoong's *Food Lover's Guide to Honolulu*. Namkoong, a well-known food writer in the islands, reveals her favorite spots for plate lunches, authentic Hawaiian cuisine, baked goods, and more. She shows you where to buy fresh produce like nalo greens, hearts of palm, asparagus, and persimmon. The book also offers information on cooking classes, food festivals, and recipes for local specialties, such as poke, butter mochi, and kālua pork. Bess Press, \$15.95; www.besspress.com



on taro, with such dishes as taro burgers, taro chips, poi doughnuts, and taro seafood chowder. 808/264-1553, www.tarofestival.org

Maui Onion Festival Maui, May 2, 2009

Maui onions are known for their distinctively sweet taste. Every year, thousands of onion lovers answer their cravings for it at the Maui Onion Festival. The event takes place at the Whalers Village in Kāanapali and features chef demonstrations, recipe contests, and onion-themed food like onion ice cream, jams, and sauces. Don't miss a talk by the Maui Onion Growers Association, where you can learn about the onion's cultivation and history. 808/661-4567, www.mauionionfestival.com

Kapalua Wine and Food Festival Maui, June 11-14, 2009

In its 28th year, the Kapalua Wine and Food Festival brings together celebrity chefs, master sommeliers, and some of the industry's most respected winemakers. Located at the Ritz-Carlton Kapalua, the four-day event features chef demonstrations and the Grand Tasting, in which an evening of Mediterranean-inspired cuisine and more than 100 wines from around the world tickle the taste buds. 888/665-9160, www.kapalua.com

Dolphin Days Summer Fest Big Island, June 18-21, 2009

The four-day Dolphin Days Summer Fest, held at the Hilton Waikoloa Village, has everything from dolphin shows



Considered by many to be the sweetest onions, Maui onions flourish in the island's rich volcanic soil.



Photo Credits: Fruit Basket - Hawaii Visitors and Convention Bureau (HVCB) / Linda Cheng-Lara - Chantrelle Moyers Yellow Tomatoes - Hawaii Tourism Authority (HTA)

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Top: The scene at The Grand Tasting, Kapalua Wine and Food Festival's signature event. Bottom: Dole's vast pineapple plantations earned Lāna'i the name of "Pineapple Island."

to a golf tournament. Its signature event, the Great Waikoloa Food, Wine & Music Festival, features scrumptious dishes from more than two dozen celebrated island chefs. The nonprofit festival benefits two local charities. 808/886-1234, www.dolphindays.com

Lāna'i Pineapple Festival

Lāna'i, July 4, 2009

After setting up a successful pineapple plantation on O'ahu, James Drummond Dole, also known as "the Pineapple King," purchased the island of Lāna'i in 1922 to expand his operations. At the time, no one would have guessed that the island would become the largest pineapple plantation in the world, providing almost 75 percent of the world's pineapple. Today, the annual Lāna'i

Pineapple Festival celebrates the history of the tasty fruit with a pineapple-eating contest, food booths, crafts, and local music. 800/947-4774, www.visitlanai.net

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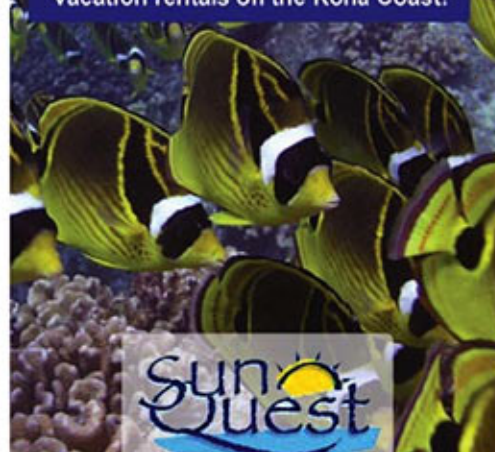
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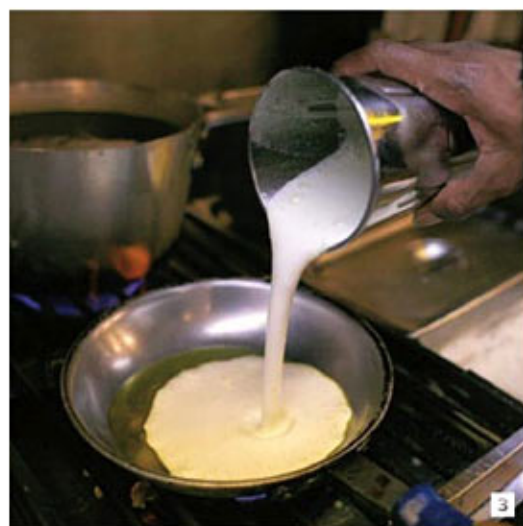
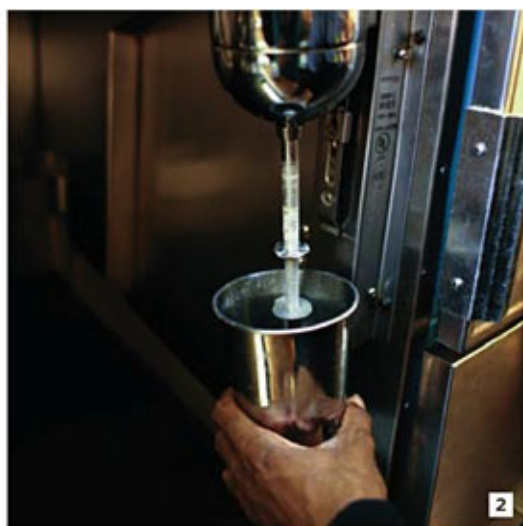
Chateau Ste Michelle.

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IN THE SAVEUR KITCHEN

Discoveries and Techniques from Our Favorite Room in the House » Edited by Todd Coleman



Whip, Flip, and Serve

IN THE MINDS OF MANY devoted patrons, the signature dish of the Waffle House restaurant chain (see “Welcome Home”, page 44) is not the waffles; it’s the omelette, a fluffy and deeply satisfying marvel. The secret to the omelette’s puffiness? “A milk shake machine,” says Edwin Johnson, a cook at a Waffle House in East Point, Georgia. The machine’s high-powered blades, Johnson says, whip and aerate the eggs into a froth. Back in our test kitchen, we achieved similar results using a handheld electric mixer. **1** Crack 2–3 eggs into a medium high-sided bowl or transfer to cup attachment of a milk shake machine. (For an even puffier omelette, separate the eggs, whip the whites until soft peaks form, and fold egg whites into beaten yolks.) **2** Beat eggs with handheld mixer (or

in a milk shake mixer, as pictured) on high speed until eggs are pale, frothy, and have tripled in volume, about 2 minutes. **3** Swirl 1 tbsp. vegetable oil in an 8-inch nonstick skillet over medium heat to coat sides. Pour in eggs and let sit until they begin to set on the bottom of the skillet, about 20 seconds. **4** Season with 1/2 tsp. kosher salt and vigorously shake the skillet back and forth to distribute the eggs, knocking them off the edge of the skillet; continue shaking over medium-high heat for about 1 minute and 30 seconds. **5** Using a flick of the wrist (or a rubber spatula), flip the omelette and cook until set on other side, about 30 seconds. **6** Top it with a slice or two of american cheese, slide omelette onto a plate, and fold in half using your fingers as a guide. Makes 1 omelette. —Hunter Lewis

KITCHEN

Smoke and Spice

Chipotle chiles are merely jalapeños that have been dried and smoked, and yet they possess a deep, musky flavor all their own. Although you can buy the smoked chiles by themselves all over Mexico, the majority of the chipotles in that country and in the United States is packed in cans of adobo, a flavorful sauce that may include tomato, vinegar, sugar, onions, garlic, and spices that can be used to add spicy-smoky notes to dishes. Many recipes, like the one for the chilaquiles pictured on page 51, call specifically for this packaged version of the chiles. Here are tasting notes on seven of the most readily available brands. —*Dave Lieberman*



Casa Fiesta This product is notable for the smoothness and sweetness of the bright adobo, which takes on the smokiness of the chiles and has a pleasant acidity. The chiles themselves are a little leathery and not as meaty as we might like, but they have excellent flavor and would hold up well in slow-cooked dishes like baked beans.

La Costeña These large, thick chiles, though fine in a pinch, lack nuance and come out of the can fairly dry and tough skinned. They are dressed with a piquant paprika-flavored sauce that has a slightly metallic taste, and the thick slices of onions that come packed with the chiles we found unappealing.



D'Allasandro These chiles are packed in a sweet, dark sauce redolent of brown sugar and molasses. Because the chiles are thin skinned and not very meaty, they won't hold up in dishes, like stews, that take a long time to cook but are perfect for lighter, quicker-cooking sauces and, when puréed, for a homemade chilaquiles sauce.

Goya The chiles from this Latin food giant were described by one taster as "the fast-food version of a chipotle". The chiles themselves are large and have very tender flesh, and the sauce has a deep amber color flavored with garlic oil; the flavor is reminiscent of bottled barbecue sauce's and has an artificially smoky note.



La Morena The clear winner in every category, these chiles are large and plump, with thick, tender flesh and a wonderfully smoky flavor. The chunky, garlicky adobo, created from an especially rich tomato base, has a dark, brick red color and is augmented by a touch of sugar and the unusual but welcome addition of sesame oil.

Roland This New York-based company takes an unusual tack. Each can contains only a few chiles, their color is deep red, and their flavor offers only a hint of smokiness. In place of smoke, there's spice: these chiles have serious kick and an earthy flavor with hints of tobacco that would make them a good addition to a chili.



San Marcos Second in quality only to La Morena's (see above), these thumb-size chiles and the adobo they're packed in have a deeply smoky flavor. The rich sauce has an intense tomato taste, and the chiles are plump and meaty. Both the sauce and the chiles would make an excellent addition to fresh salsa or guacamole.



Hash It Out

The versatile American breakfast food known as hash—a mix of skillet-fried chopped meat, potatoes, and other vegetables, often of the leftover variety—is enjoying something of a renaissance (for more about breakfast potatoes, see page 49), thanks to cooks who have breathed new life into the dish with fresh ingredients and bright flavors that make the canned corned beef version seem a distant memory. Consider the delicious smoked trout hash pictured above: crisp potatoes and tender chunks of smoked trout mingle to create a sultry, smoky dish that's given a lift by the addition of fresh dill and a dollop of horseradish-spiked crème fraîche. I think it's the perfect comfort food for a cool autumn morning—or afternoon or evening. (For a recipe for roast beef hash, go to SAVEUR.COM/ISSUE114.) —*Hunter Lewis*

METHOD

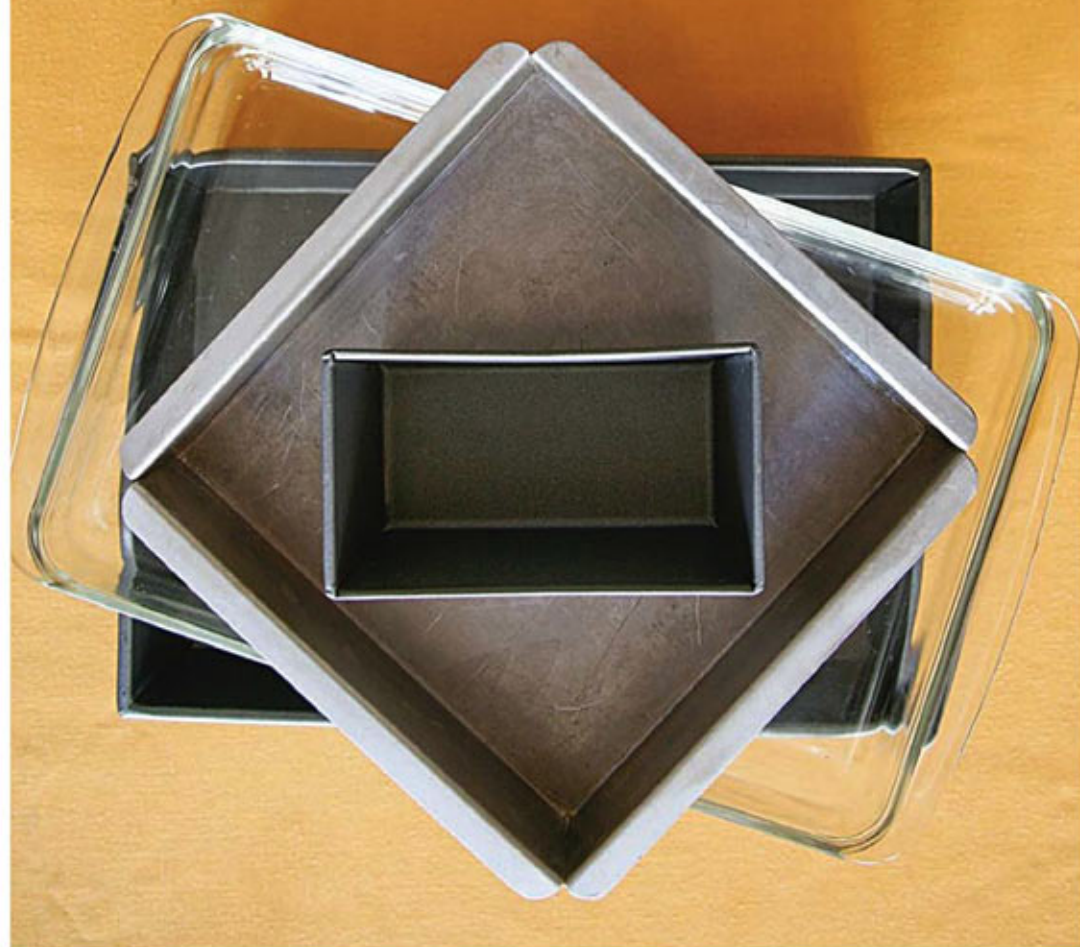
Smoked Trout Hash

Heat 3 tbsp. unsalted butter in a 10" skillet over medium-high heat. Add 1 lb. boiled and cooled russet potatoes cut into 1/2" cubes; cook, stirring, until lightly browned, 8–10 minutes. Add 1 tbsp. unsalted butter and 1 small finely chopped yellow onion. Cook, stirring occasionally, until onions soften, about 10 minutes. Add 1/4 lb. boneless smoked trout flaked into 1/2" chunks, 1/4 cup heavy cream, 1 tbsp. finely chopped fresh dill, 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper, 1 clove finely chopped garlic, and kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Stir to combine. Turn hash in parts every 2 minutes, loosening any browned bits, until potatoes are golden brown, about 12 minutes. Divide hash between 2 plates. Combine 3 tbsp. crème fraîche with 2 tsp. prepared horseradish. Garnish hash with sauce, finely chopped fresh chives, and a squeeze of lemon. Serves 2.

KITCHEN

Happy Medium

Of all the recipes we tested for our breakfast issue, one kept us going back to the drawing board again and again: the cream cheese cinnamon rolls (see "Breakfast Breads and Pastries", page 60). One batch would exit the oven perfectly risen and golden brown on the outside but gooey and undercooked within; the next batch would look great on the inside but have a blackened bottom. In the end, we found that the problem wasn't the ingredients or the proportions or the way we mixed the dough. It was the baking pans. For our first batch, we tried a glass casserole dish because we knew that glass, like earthenware and stoneware, retains heat well. We soon realized, however, that the glass heated up too slowly, so by the time the rolls were cooked through, their exposed tops had long since risen and spilled over the sides of the pan. Next we tried a metal pan with a dark nonstick surface, knowing that dark-colored cookware absorbs and conducts heat more quickly. Now, however, the pendulum swung in the opposite direction: the dark surface absorbed too much heat too quickly, causing the edges and bottoms of the rolls to burn before the dough had cooked through. Finally, we turned to aluminum, and it provided everything we'd been seeking. Just as the interior of the rolls became set, their tops, sides, and bottoms had reached the ideal level of golden crispness. —Ben Mims



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Breakfast Champions

Like a well-made bed, a properly laid breakfast table is a gesture toward a day auspiciously begun. At least that's what I tell myself as I troll flea markets and thrift stores in search of breakfast-related *objets*, from bluebird-hued china egg cups and chartreuse-colored ceramic creamers designed by Russel Wright to Art Déco-style juicers and '60s-era syrup pitchers. Frankly, though, I'm drawn to these implements not because they're indispensable—you can pour cream straight from the carton, after

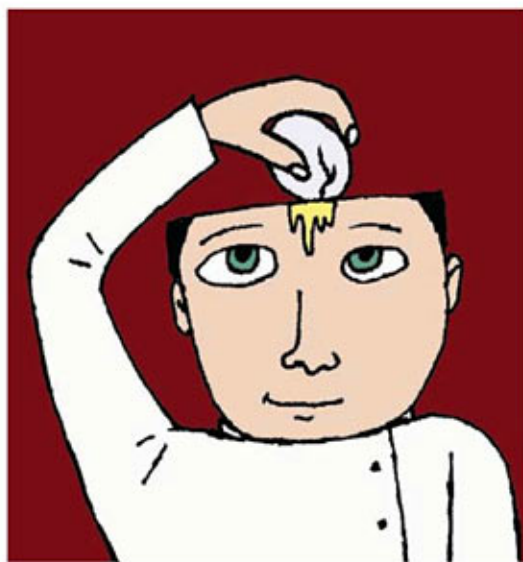
all—but because they amuse me, and I believe that breakfast should, as often as possible, be fun. That is not to say that these items are lacking in utility; hardly a day goes by when I don't grab my grapefruit knife, whose curved, serrated blade is perfectly suited to its appointed task. My toast rack also gets plenty of use; its amply spaced dividers allow steam to escape from the toast's crannies, keeping it crisp. Let's face it; in a civilized world, no one's breakfast should fall ruin to soggy toast. —Sarah Karnasiewicz

KITCHEN

All in the Wrist

CRACKING AN EGG IS such an elementary part of making breakfast that most people rarely pause to think about it, but, as we cracked dozens on dozens of eggs while testing the recipes for this issue, I soon noticed that the egg crackers in our test kitchen fell into two camps: those who break the shell on the side of a bowl or skillet and those who do so on a flat countertop. I belong to the former group, and, throughout my years as a cook, its method has served me well. When I asked *SAVEUR*'s food editor, Todd Coleman, a proponent of the countertop technique, about its purported advantages, he directed me to *CookWise* (Morrow, 1997), the excellent cooking reference by the food scientist Shirley O. Corriher, who says that cracking an egg on a hard, flat surface prevents the shell from shattering into little pieces.

Eager to promote my method, I discussed with Todd a 2005 article in *The New Yorker* that profiled professional egg cooks. In it, author



Burkhard Bilger writes about Joel Eckerson of Las Vegas's Flamingo hotel: "[Eckerson] rapped the first egg on the rim of the pan, twisted it into two hemispheres, and opened it as cleanly as if it were a Fabergé Easter egg." I also tracked down

Howard Helmer, a champion egg cracker, who holds the Guinness World Record as the world's fastest omelette maker. I was gratified to find out that he, too, is an edge-of-the-pan man.

Still, out of a sense of curiosity, I decided to give the flat-surface method a try, cracking my next dozen eggs on the test kitchen's stainless-steel countertop. The verdict? I couldn't really tell the difference. The results were neither better nor worse than they were with my old way of breaking eggs. I got back on the phone with Helmer, who is a representative of the American Egg Board. To be honest, he said, the cracking surface doesn't really matter that much. More important is the egg cracker himself: for a clean break and the smallest number of stray shards, the egg should be brought down against the counter or the skillet's edge with a single swift, assertive motion. "People think the shell is so difficult that they have to rap, rap, rap it," Helmer said to me. "People should be a little more fearless." —*Hunter Lewis*

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KITCHEN

Coffee Achiever

WHY AM I SO IN LOVE with my French-press coffee pot? Easy: I like things simple, and this portable, no-frills device (also known as a press pot, plunger pot, or *cafetière*) consists of nothing more than a glass or plastic carafe and a lid fitted with a mesh-lined plunger. Just put freshly ground coffee into the carafe, add hot water, wait a few minutes, and plunge. Still, it's not just the simplicity; a French press produces a thicker, more full-bodied brew than a drip coffee maker can because the coarse mesh filter allows more of the beans' essential oils and flavors to make it into your cup. You'll get the best results by



using high-quality whole beans (see "9 Great Coffees", page 22, to read about our favorite roasts) that have been ground at the coarsest setting, as finer grounds can create too much resistance for the plunger. (I use one and a half to two tablespoons of grounds per cup of water.) It's also a good idea to let the water sit for 30 to 45 seconds after it has boiled (water that's too hot extracts bitter compounds from the grounds too quickly). I always add just enough water to cover the grounds before I fill the carafe, to allow them to bloom and release their fragrance. Then I fill the carafe, give the mixture a stir, gently put on the lid, and wait four minutes before depressing the plunger. Without further ado (indeed, don't let the brewed coffee sit in the carafe for long, or it will become bitter), I fill my cup and marvel at the pleasures of the easy life. (See page 106 for a source for a French-press coffee pot.) —Sarah Karnasiewicz

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The Fifth Annual San Diego Bay Wine & Food Festival returns November 12-16 with 160 wineries, 60 fine-dining restaurants, gourmet foods, spirits, cooking and wine-tasting classes, celebrity chefs, and more! Southern California's largest wine and culinary event features appearances by celebrity Ted Allen of Bravo TV fame, artist Thomas Arvid, James Beard award winner and celebrity chef Gavin Kaysen, and other nationally recognized chefs such as Bernard Guillas, Brian Malarkey, and "Chef of the Fest" winner Gary Thompson.

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Prize package includes airfare for two and hotel accommodations for two nights (one room). All entries must be submitted by 12/1/08. A winner will be chosen randomly from all eligible entries on or about 1/2/09. The winner will be notified by phone. For complete rules, log on to www.saveur.com/subzero. No purchase necessary. Must be 21 or older to enter and a legal resident of the United States.



THE PANTRY

A Guide to Resources

*In producing the stories for this issue,
we discovered food products and
destinations too good to keep to ourselves.
Please feel free to raid our pantry!*

BY HUNTER LEWIS

Fare

You can learn more about **vintage toasters** by visiting the Toaster Museum Foundation online at www.toaster.org. To eat **doubles** stateside, try these chile and chutney-spiked breakfast sandwiches at A&A Bake and Doubles Shop (481 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 718/230-0753).

List

Here are sources for our favorite international whole-bean **coffees**: Counter Culture Coffee's Karaba (\$11.75 for a 12-ounce bag; 888/238-5282; www.counterculturecoffee.com); Sumatra Iskandar (\$14.25 per pound) from Gimme! Coffee (877/446-6325; www.gimmecoffee.com); Guatemala Finca El Injerto (\$15.50 per pound; ask for Red Bourbon Varietal) from Stumptown Coffee Roasters (503/230-7797; www.stumptowncoffee.com); Hacienda La Esmeralda (\$30 per half pound) from Intelligentsia Coffee and Tea (888/945-9786; www.intelligentsiacoffee.com); Newman's Own Organics Nell's Breakfast Blend (\$7.49 for a 10-ounce bag) from Green Mountain Coffee Roasters (www.greenmountaincoffee.com); Organic Ethiopia Yergacheffe Konga Cooperative (\$14.10 for a 12-ounce bag) from 49th Parallel Coffee Roasters (877/773-4900; www.49thparallelroasters.com); San Rafael Lot 1 Blend (\$18.25 per pound) from Metropolis Coffee Company (773/764-0400; www.metropoliscoffee.com); Major Dickason's Blend (\$12.95 per pound) from Peet's Coffee & Tea (800/999-2132; www.peets.com).

Origins

For **darjeeling teas** from the Goomtee tea estate in Darjeeling, visit In Pursuit of Tea (866/878-3832; www.inpursuitoftea.com).

Breakfast Around the World

For information about traveling to **Singapore**, go to www.visitsingapore-usa.com. Have a second breakfast in **Munich** at Weisses Bräuhaus (49/89/290-1380; Tal 7, 80331 Munich, Germany). Visit the oldest **Waffle House** in operation, at 1674 West Washington Road, East Point, Georgia (404/766-3955; www.wafflehouse.com). Schedule your own power breakfast among the **Washington, D.C.**, cognoscenti at the Lafayette restaurant in the Hay-Adams hotel (202/638-2570; 800 16th Street NW, Washington, D.C.; www.hayadams.com). If you can't make it to **Great Britain** for a fry-up, buy provisions from Myers of Keswick (212/691-4194; www.myersofkeswick.com); ask for Irish bacon (\$12 per pound), black pudding (\$4.95 per 6-inch piece), cumberland sausages (\$6.25 per pound), and baked beans in tomato sauce (\$2.50 for a 415-gram can).

Breakfast Meats

Here are our favorite international **breakfast meats** and where to find them: Canadian peameal sliced bacon (\$89.95 for five 1-pound trays) from REAL Canadian Bacon Company (866/222-6601; www.realcanadianbacon.com); Hickory Smoked Country Sliced Bacon (\$22.50 for four 14-ounce packages) and Hickory Smoked Sliced Pepper Bacon (\$25.50 for four 14-ounce packages) from Broadbent's B&B (800/841-2202; www.broadbentham.com); white or black Irish pudding rings (\$6.99 each per pound) and traditional Irish breakfast sausages (\$6.99 per pound) from Tommy Moloney's (800/431-6365; www.tommymoloneys.com); fresh pork sausage links (\$29.95 for a 3-pound box) from Edwards (800/200-4267; www.virginiatraditions.com); brown-and-serve cooked breakfast sausage links (\$8.20 for a pack of 6) from Karl Ehmer (800/487-5275; www.karlehmer.com);

pork roll (\$13 for a 3-pound bag) from Dietrich's Meats (610/756-6344; www.dietrichsmeats.com); basturma (\$5 per half pound; ask for bastirma) from Ohanyan's (559/225-4290); and smoked sausage (\$3.99 per pound) from Dietrich's (see above); Kentucky Country Center-Cut Ham Slices (\$9.95 per pound) from Col. Bill Newsom's Country Hams (270/365-2482; www.newsomscountryham.com); Canadian bacon (\$9.90 per pound) from Karl Ehmer; scrapple (\$58 for six 1-pound rolls) from Habbersett Scrapple (610/532-9973; www.habbersettscrapple.com); Mailhot's Cretons (\$5 for 10 ounces) from Bean's Meats (800/649-1958; www.beansmeats.com); chorizo (\$2.25 for a 12-ounce package) from Chorizo de San Manuel (800/638-8708; www.chorizosanmanuel.com); goetta (\$34.95 for six 1-pound rolls) from Glier's Goetta (800/466-3882; www.goetta.com); and liver pudding (\$1.89 per pound) from Neese's (800/632-1010; www.neesesausage.com).

Recipes

Try whole hominy Carolina quick **grits** (\$5.95 for a 12-ounce bag; four-bag minimum order) from Anson Mills (803/467-4122; www.ansonmills.com). To make ful medames, order small whole **dried fava beans** (\$5.99 for a 14-ounce bag) from Kalustyan's (800/352-3451; www.kalustyans.com). Sayur lodeh is spiced with **shrimp paste** (\$4.85 for a 13-ounce jar), **candlenuts** (\$6.79 for a 7-ounce jar), and fresh **galangal** (\$17.95 per pound, shipping included) from ImportFood.com (888/618-8424; www.importfood.com). To make shiozuke, use **shiso leaves** (\$1.59 for 10 leaves), available at Katagiri (212/755-3566; www.katagiri.com).

Kitchen

To brew up the perfect cup of joe, try a Chambord **French-press** coffeepot (\$29.95 for a 12-ounce press) from Bodum (800/232-6386; www.bodumusa.com).

Visit our Visual Pantry at www.saveur.com/visualpantry114 to view photographs of selected Pantry items shown above.

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Mary Watson-DeLauder, Sommelier - Lansdowne Resort

Wine travel is new and refreshing in Virginia, and **Mary Watson-Delauder** is living proof. She's the spunky sommelier at **Lansdowne Resort**, in northern Virginia, whose creative wine and herb pairings are just one of the new passions awaiting wine lovers in Virginia.

Mary Watson-Delauder is a petite powerhouse whose passion for life is more intoxicating than any wine she pours. This Southern dynamo is changing the face of wine tastings, one visitor at a time. Watson-Delauder uses lavender, lemongrass, and rosemary from her own herb garden to transform wine tasting into total enlightenment. Her unique approach and down-home demeanor bring a casual and welcoming aura to wine.

Virginia is quickly becoming the new hot spot for wine travel. Virginia's more than 130 wineries make it the fifth-largest wine producing state in the nation and a must for anyone passionate about wine. Virginia's wineries are perfecting such lesser-known



varietals as norton and viognier, which are winning major accolades, but it's the unique wine travel experiences that really set Virginia apart.

Virginia is one of the only destinations to offer a kayak trip to a winery, an experience waiting for wine adventurers in Cape Charles, on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Wine travel is infused with rich bluegrass music traditions at wineries in southwestern Virginia along the Crooked Road: Virginia's Heritage Music Trail. The state's numerous wine trails wind down scenic roads and showcase Virginia's beautifully diverse landscape, from the Blue Ridge Mountains to the waterways of the Northern Neck, with historic B&Bs and local restaurants on each trail. These are just a few of the adventures in Virginia for

people who are passionate about wine.

Ready for a new adventure? Go to www.virginia.org to watch Mary Watson-Delauder pour some of Virginia's finest and get the latest on new wine passions in Virginia.



VIRGINIA BEACH

Virginia Beach's coastal cuisine entices the palate. Virginia Beach is known for its coastal cuisine, a rich culinary style exploding with flavors that takes advantage of a mouthwatering variety of fresh seafood. Virginia Beach is located where the Chesapeake Bay meets the Atlantic Ocean, which means that the city's nearly 300 restaurants serve the freshest seafood year-round—tuna, flounder, tautog, you name it. Some of the region's specialties are crab cakes—jerked, broiled, pan-sautéed, or fried—she-crab soup, and striped bass, better known as rockfish. Agriculture is one of Virginia Beach's top industries, so chefs are also cooking with the freshest of produce. Fresh seafood combined with the freshest produce equals recipes and flavors unique to Virginia Beach.

800/VA BEACH
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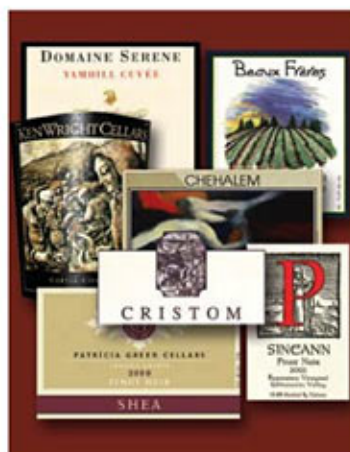
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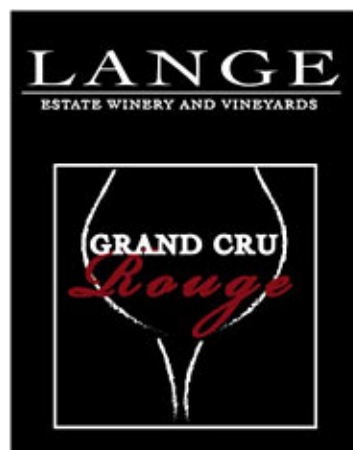
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M O M E N T



TIME 9:10 A.M., February 12, 2008

PLACE Washington, D.C.

Democratic presidential candidate Barack Obama and Washington mayor Adrian Fenty, coffee and doughnuts in hand, head to a Metro station to deliver to commuters a breakfast they can believe in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM BOURG/REUTERS/CORBIS



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